HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

OUR readers will be glad to hear that SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON is writing a new story, which he compares to the "Caxtons" and "My Novel." We have made arrangements with him for publishing it in the columns of this journal. The first number will appear in the course of next month, and it will be continued till it is completed, each number appearing here simultaneously with its publication in England. We congratulate our readers on the prospect. A new work by Bulwer is perhaps the noblest intellectual treat that can be offered to a person of refined and cultivated taste.

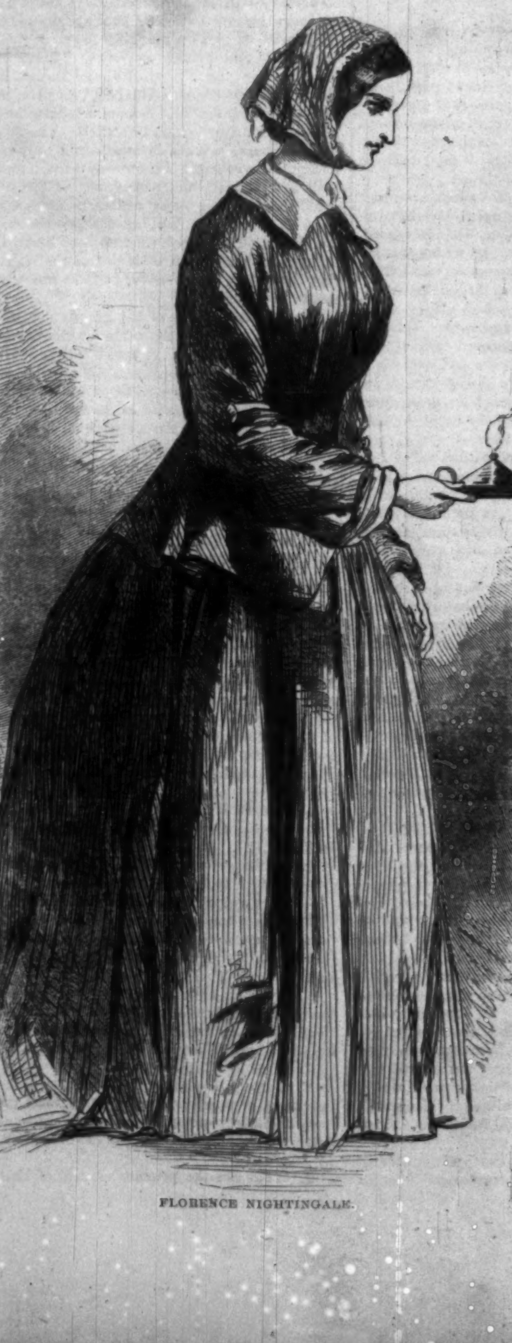
HARPER'S WEEKLY has already reached a regular issue of more than *Sixty Thousand Copies*, and the editions printed are steadily increasing.

The proprietors beg to say that they will be happy to receive sketches or photographic pictures of striking scenes, important events, and leading men from artists in every part of the world, and to pay liberally for such as they may use.

TWO NOBLE WOMEN.

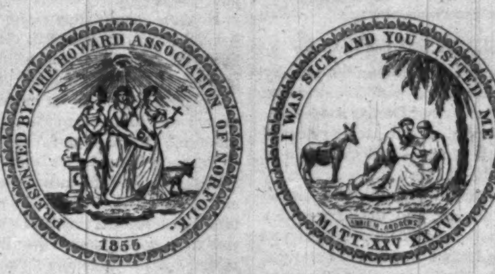
WE are fortunate enough to be enabled to present our readers with portraits of two of the noblest women of the present day—Miss Florence Nightingale and Miss Annie M. Andrews.

The former—be it said without disparagement to her eminent qualities and her paramount claims on the world for fame and on her countrymen for gratitude—enjoyed a remarkable advantage over our countrywoman in respect of the publicity of her noble deeds: she won her laurels in the blaze of day, when thousands of voices and pens were eager to proclaim her mission of mercy and her meed of fame; and if they were won at less personal risk than those of Miss Andrews, they involved, perhaps, a bolder character and less shrinking from the public gaze.



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

The two women differed in age, and somewhat in position. Miss Nightingale is a lady of some forty odd years of age; Miss Andrews was barely twenty when she embarked on her mission. Miss Nightingale is a lady of fortune and high social rank; when she announced her intention of proceeding to the East, a staff of officers offered her an escort, and a cohort of ladies of the best families of England solicited the privilege of being allowed to serve under her orders. Miss Andrews, though, we believe, a lady of some independent means, was living with an uncle at Syracuse when the terrible news from Norfolk roused her energy; she proceeded to the scene of her labors by railway alone and unnoticed.



PRESENTED BY THE HOWARD ASSOCIATION OF NORFOLK.
1855
I WAS SICK AND YOU VISITED ME
ANNIE M. ANDREWS
MATT. XXV XXXVI

MEDAL PRESENTED TO MISS ANDREWS BY THE HOWARD ASSOCIATION OF NORFOLK.

But the contrast will be best discovered by a somewhat more detailed biography of Miss Andrews.

The father of Miss Andrews, a self-made man, a native of New York, realized a fortune by the practice of the medical profession in the South, and now resides on a plantation of his own in the vicinity of New Orleans. His daughter, the subject of this sketch, was not indebted to her parents for her education. At an early age she was placed with an aunt, to whom she owed a sound religious and moral training. While quite a child, her fondness for visiting the sick was remarked among her young companions. She seems to have been born a nurse. When the fever at Norfolk broke out, she was living with her uncle, Judge Hall, of Syracuse, New York; she instantly announced her desire to go and offer her services as nurse. The need of nurses was so pressing, it will be remembered, that the most enormous prices were paid for very sorry attendants; still, the danger was so obvious that Miss Andrews's relations were much opposed to the scheme. By much entreaty she prevailed on them to allow her to write to the Mayor of Norfolk, tendering her services; they consented—mainly from the persuasion that the Mayor would decline the offer.

He, like a prudent man, neither declined nor accepted. He stated the pressing want of nurses, and described the terrible suffering of the people, but gave no opinion on Miss Andrews's application.—His description of the destitution of the poor sufferers was enough for her; she stipulated that she was to pay her own expenses, and departed alone. For two days and nights she traveled alone by rail. On approaching Norfolk she met three Sisters of Charity, bent on the same errand as herself; in their company she reported herself to the Mayor, and received permission to serve as nurse. It was late in the evening when this formality was fulfilled; the Sisters of Charity, with professional experience, prudently retired for the night; Miss Andrews went directly to the hospital, and waited on the sick that night.

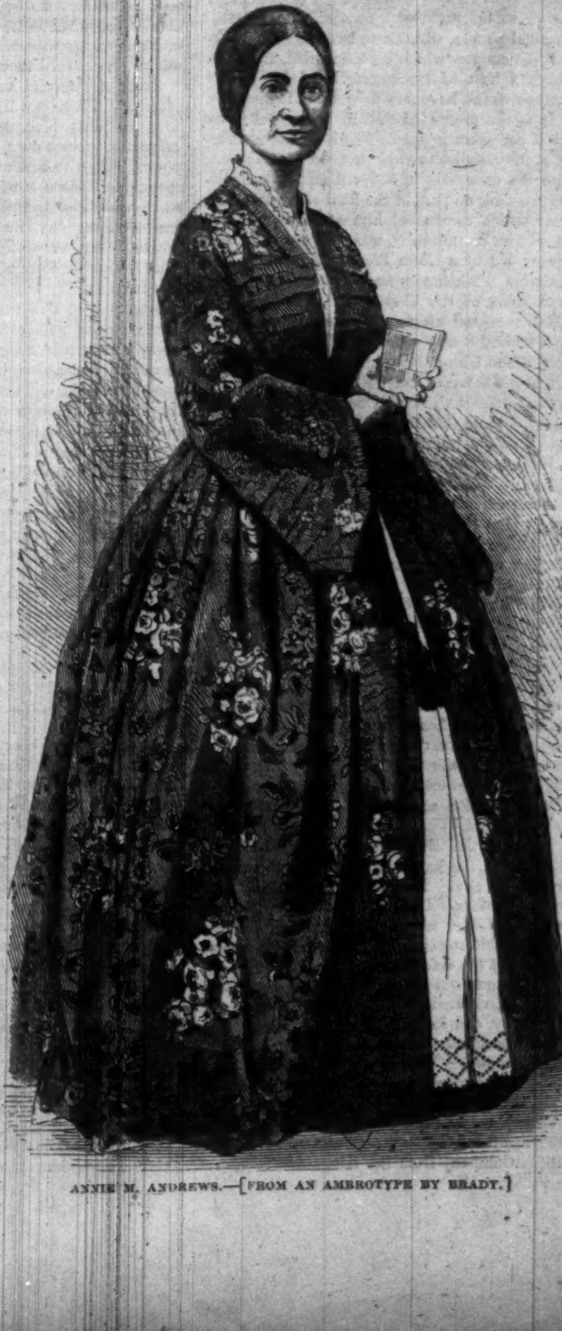
Previous to the outbreak of fever, Norfolk had no hospital; an old race-stand was temporarily converted into an infirmary and baptized the Julappi Hospital. It was a miserable building; through the roof the rain poured in bad weather; every moment Miss Andrews could steal from her duties as nurse was devoted to calking the seams in the building. Though courage sustained her frame under trials that were indeed terrible to bear, her duties involved inconveniences over which her feelings had no control. Her tender hands and feet, unused to work, suffered severely, and even, at times, stood in need of surgical assistance; and at last, finding the repeated annoyance too troublesome, she bathed both hands and feet daily in strong salt and water to harden them; succeeding, indeed, in her immediate aim, but at the cost of what every young lady prizes—her hands are wrinkled and discolored, like those of a much older person.

Those who have had experience of a yellow fever hospital can alone appreciate the danger and the discomfort of Miss Andrews's position. It has often been said that of all patients the most unpleasant to nurse are sufferers from gun-shot wounds; the effluvia from the wound impart a poisonous taint to the air. But experienced nurses aver that not only is the air around the bed of a person dying of yellow fever sickening to breathe, but it is absolutely loaded with a poison which is likely to be fatal to one of every two persons who inhale it. Our own history contains many instances of persons dying of yellow fever without a human being near them—so repulsive is their death-bed. Miss Andrews shrank from no trial of the kind. Many and many a poor sufferer, in his last delirious moments, was recalled to consciousness by feeling her cool hand on his fevered forehead, and by hearing gentle words of a future life uttered by her kind voice.

The patients, as we all know, far outnumbered the capacity of the hospital; the nurses were far too few. Miss Andrews was frequently in attendance at several death-beds at the same time. A visiter to Norfolk has preserved an account of one night during the height of the pestilence, when she was on duty in a private house. Two persons, one of whom was a physician, were dying of fever in the house. The physician was delirious; he ranted, and raved, and sang snatches of some old familiar tune. The other dying man had passed the crisis of the malady, and was quietly sinking into death. His companion's cries distracted him. Miss Andrews rose from his bedside, and approached the physician. She laid her small soft hand on his brow, and looked at him. The cool pressure roused him; he looked up, started at seeing this fair girl beside him, and muttered—"Who is this?" Kind womanly words of sympathy and consolation taught him that the intruder was a friend; he was subdued and quiet. His nurse hastened to return to the dying man in the adjacent room. His agony had come. Her task was now to support the dying head during the minutes which life had yet to endure. Midnight was long past; she was alone; the physician, relapsing into delirium, had begun to scream and to sing again. What nerve that young girl must have had! A brief space released her from her care of one patient; he died with his head resting on her arm. Then she hastened to the poor physician. At the first sound of her gentle voice his paroxysm ended; calm was restored to his wandering spirit; he was enabled to listen consciously to the pious exhortation of his last friend. He had a wife—but she was far away; it was Miss Andrews who, in that dreadful hour, stood in stead to him of mother, sister, and wife, and soothed the moments which preceded his final dissolution. Gray morning dawned as he died. What a night!

Even death did not limit the cares which her self-imposed mission devolved upon Miss Andrews. When patients died of yellow fever, it was almost impossible to find persons to lay them out for burial; this also fell to her lot; and when the number of corpses made it necessary for her to hire assistance, she paid for the services of a negro out of her own funds.

It only remains to say that the Howard Association of Norfolk, grateful as well for the eminent services of Miss Andrews as for the noble example she set, have presented her with the gold medal usually awarded to physicians. Impressions were



ANNIE M. ANDREWS.—[FROM AN AMBROTYPE BY BRADY.]

kindly furnished us by the officers of the Association; and we engrave them above.

When Miss Nightingale's noble career as a nurse was ended, the people and army of England took counsel what they might do to testify their admiration and love for the woman who had proved herself the heroine of the war. They proposed all kinds of testimonials, which were unhesitatingly declined by the lady. A negotiation between her and the public was then set on foot; it resulted in a decision to build and endow a hospital in memory of her, and bearing her name. The subscriptions are just now closing; it is understood that they have reached a figure which will enable the trustees to fulfill the intentions of the public in a manner worthy of Miss Nightingale and of her glorious services. We have not heard that it is proposed to erect a hospital in memory of Miss Andrews; but we should think that very many of the citizens of Norfolk must be anxious to testify their sense of their obligations to her; and if no more was done than the mere erecting of her statue in a public place in Norfolk, we should imagine that the act would be a source of high gratification to the citizens of the town and the people of the State.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1857.

WHAT IS TO BECOME OF NICARAGUA?

WE this week communicate to our readers a startling piece of intelligence—nothing less than the flight of General William Walker, with the remainder of his men, from Nicaragua, and their safe arrival in the United States. At New Orleans, we are told, Walker was received with enthusiasm by the people; here the press concurs in pronouncing a verdict of "served him right." Of the two, our people are nearest common sense.

When a man undertakes to make war, either for his own advancement or from motives of public policy, he has no choice but to succeed or to be doomed to execration. History may do justice to the unfortunate adventurer, but the world prudently judges enterprises by their issue, and interprets failure as the equivalent of unwholesome intention. There is—and perhaps it is well—no pity for the conquered.

Let William Walker, then, be visited with the hatred and contempt which are the meed of the conquered. Let his name be a warning to all enterprising youths to respect the territory of their neighbors, and on no account to attempt to spread civilization and commerce by processes ignored by the neutrality laws. Let him be set on a pinnacle of scorn and ignominy to be hooted and scouted by intelligent millions of human beings.

But—this righteous performance ended, and our virtue appeased—let us see, like sensible, practical people, what is to become of Nicaragua, the country which he once ruled, and from which a host of foreigners, hired by United States citizens, have now driven him in disgrace.

It is not pretended that he was expelled by the Nicaraguan people. We have the authority of his enemies to show that the Nicaraguans, with the exception of a few disappointed politicians, took no part in the final struggle. The army which compassed him at Rivas, and reduced him to extremity, was composed of Costa Ricans, led by a Costa Rican, officered by Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans, and paid by citizens of the United States. The blow which rendered his fate certain was dealt him by a United States citizen paid by another citizen of the United States. He leaves Nicaragua in the hands of Costa Ricans and the agents of the Nicaragua Transit Company. What likelihood is there that they will care for the country, or for our interests as connected with it?

We know that, some months ago, when the defeat of Walker became a thing possible, it was settled in a council of Central American heroes that Nicaragua was to be the prize of the victors, and that it was to be divided among the four remaining States of Central America. It was to be another Poland dismembered to gratify a ridiculous Central American Russia. But if Guatemala and San Salvador were now willing to carry out this scheme, Honduras would certainly have the common sense to hold aloof, and her defection would as certainly defeat the project. Besides, it is very questionable whether the United States would consent to see the Nicaragua transit route placed under the control of a power like Costa Rica, which either England or France could buy up.

The partition scheme, we take it, must fall to the ground.

Turn to the Nicaragua Transit Company, which is in the hands of a prominent capitalist of this city. It is currently reported, and indeed understood on all hands, that the war against Walker has been carried on with the funds of this association. It is likewise understood that the defeat of Walker will be followed by the organization of a new Nicaraguan Government, created by the agents of the Transit Company, and for their use. It is natural that these speculators should want some return for their money. We take it for granted—as a thing too obvious for discussion—that the next news from Central America will inform us of the recharter of the company, with rights scarcely if at all inferior to those extorted by the East India Company from the Kings and Rajahs of Hindostan. Will that be a benefit to the United States, or to the world, or to commerce, or to civilization?

An answer to this query can only be derived from history and experience of human nature. A chartered commercial company has but one legitimate object in view—gain. When it departs from the pursuit of gain, it goes wrong. It is not reasonable to expect that the managers of the Nicaraguan Transit Company will commit any such blunder. It will pursue gain at all times, in all honest ways, by all means, and at every cost. Should a question arise between the private interests of the monopoly and the public interests of commerce, it will be shrewd enough to prefer the former. It will aid commerce and civilization so far as they carry grist to its mill, but no farther. It will oppose the legitimate development of Nicaragua, if that development should contain germs of hostility to the despotic monopoly. It will hang, like the Old Man of the Mountain, round the neck of the poor struggling State, just as the East India Company has hung round the neck of Oriental States, and as the Dutch and Portuguese and old French and English trading companies hung round the neck of the States of Asia and America, in which they obtained a like foothold.

Heaven grant that the expulsion of Walker by American citizens do not hereafter necessitate the expulsion of other American citizens, by the armed forces of the United States at a fearful cost of anarchy and bloodshed!

OUR SUMMER DIVERSIONS.

JUNE is upon us, and the idle and the wealthy are exchanging New York, with its alternate mud and dust, for greener or livelier residences. The ocean steamers are carrying out to Europe two hundred people a trip—a fearful cargo in case of icebergs; the old favorite packets carry their share too—veteran travelers who know the value of bracing sea air, and the luxury of a long voyage. Another swarm is packing up its luggage for a prolonged agony at Saratoga, Newport, the White Mountains, or the Springs. This is our idea of summer enjoyment.

Party the first heads for Paris. There it will make for a great hotel—Du Louvre, or perhaps Meurice's—where it will live in an American atmosphere, talking about American topics, reading the New York *Herald*, and perpetually vaunting American institutions; it will visit the *modistes*, and buy tons of new fashions, crinoline, crape, silks, and lace; it will yawn through a series of French plays which it does not understand; it will be bored on the Boulevards, and will pronounce the Rue de Rivoli almost as brilliant as Broadway; and it will return to us, in the fall, somewhat better dressed, much more conceited, more ill-mannered, and not larger-minded than it left us in the spring.

Party the second heads for the "watering places." There it will play billiards and bowls; dress in pink, blue, rose, lilac, and crimson; drive fast horses over a dusty road; get up at noon, and go to bed with the dawn; talk unspeakable nonsense with a languid air; drink sherry-cobblers, and play brag; groan over the length of the day, and ape the manners and notions of the worst circles of European society. This is another form of enjoyment for the summer months.

And yet, in this country of ours, there are lovely places, with green fields, and spreading trees, and gentle rivers—where there are no great scorched-up hotels, with ravenous proprietors, hard beds, bad dinners, and insolent waiters; places where a rational man or woman may feast on country air and silent ease; where the sublime luxury of undisturbed thought may be enjoyed from daylight till bedtime; where a good book may be really relished, and a dear friend thoroughly appreciated; where the best parts of man's nature may be brought out, and the bad parts effaced for want of opportunity of development; where the body and mind may really gather strength and elasticity for a renewed conflict with the world.

Who compose party the third for this summer diversion?

FURTHER HINTS ON TRAVELING.

DISTANCES are short in England: half a day would carry you from Liverpool into South Wales. But if you have time, make two days of the trip. Take Worcester and Gloucester in your track. They are capital types of the old English cities, and all the more interesting because few go to see them; and you will find in them the old style of English town inn—the "Bell and Crown" at Worcester, and the "Greyhound" at Gloucester. Ten to one you will find diamond panes and leaden sashes in your chamber-window; and it is certain the beef will be mottled, the linen white, and the sheets well aired. Always call the waiter John, and the maid Mary, and the porter Boots. Divide half a crown between them, if they treat you well at the "Bell and Crown," and ask the way out to Spetchley; there are charming ruralities about it; stiles and footpaths that have led in the same track over the same meadows for centuries; curious thatched cottages, with blackened beams showing through the rough rubble work of the walls; every thing—even to the mignonnette in the window—unlike as possible to Patrick the gardener's house in America.

Consider if the rough rubble, the blackened beams, are after all so inferior to the spruce, white-painted, clap-boarded house you built last year?

Don't forget the Cathedral at Worcester, or the whip-shops: Bibbs, near the Close, makes good ones. Buy a dog-whip of him; it will go in your portmanteau, and serve as a memorial.

No matter about Cheltenham or Malvern; there are Americans staying at both places, who will be sure to snub you if you haven't caught the English pronunciation (which don't try to do).

Keep straight on to Gloucester. You will know it by those two wonderful towers of gray stone. You will think them of wood, but they are not; they were not designed by the architect of Grace Church.

Ask Boots at the "Greyhound" to show you the way to the Cathedral doors. Spend an hour within, looking at those wondrous spandrels and flying arches which you will see on the choir. There is nothing finer in England, and the Continent is beyond—to be ignored as yet. We are living here—in Gloucester, on the Cathedral pavement (thumped and thwacked by Cromwell's troopers' horses' hoofs), up to the level of rare old British history. Sit down, and let the ooze from the past and Fatherland come into your pores.

How the monks stole along yon cloister once—monks like the monks in old British stories; how the men in armor came here and said prayers—men like Sir Hugh de Lacy!

Don't, however, go on in this strain too long, or you will lose the coach (by all means take the coach) for Ross and Abergavenny.

Take an "outside," it is half-price of an "inside;" give the difference to the coachman (don't call him "driver" or he will resent it), and ask him whose place is this, and whose place is that; not that you—Republican, Democrat, Selectman, perhaps—care one fig about all the dukes and earls in the land; but the names, perhaps historic ones, will call up weird, far-off memories to kindle your eye and thought, as you gaze on landscape so soft, so green, so decked with towers and chimneys, so lightened with flashes of water, so beguiling in its Sunday quietude, that it seems like an old dream coming back to you, and making its cheat real.

So we will go to sleep upon the coach, and wake up on the hills that shadow the little town of Abergavenny.

CHAT.

POOR JACK.

THE "sweet little cherub who sits up aloft," with special reference to the affairs of poor Jack, has whispered a word of humanity in the ears of the merchant princes of our city, in whose service the sailor drudges from one end of the year to the other, and from port to port, wherever an American keel can cleave the waters of the sea, and they have taken a step for his benefit which promises much good. From time immemorial, Jack has got his wages, or a large part of them, when he signed the shipping articles; and before he set his foot on the deck of the vessel for the voyage on which they were to be earned, they had gone to the boarding-house keeper, or into the grog-shop till, or some other equally unprofitable investment. Having been paid in advance, he considered himself authorized to get drunk in advance, and made it a point of honor not to carry any useless change on board ship. A great many efforts have been made to remedy the evil by cutting off the supplies; but the fear of the boarding-house keepers, who supply the crews, and exercise a sort of admiralty and maritime jurisdiction over the shipping of our port in this respect, and who thrive on the advance pay, has always stood in the way. At last a combined attempt has been resolved upon by our leading ship-owners. After the first of July next, Jack is to have no more pay in advance. He is not to work all through the voyage, or during a month of it, for a "dead horse." He is to have his wages when he earns them, and a bounty of ten cents on every dollar besides; and the means by which his vices mainly thrive being thus cut off at one end, it is hoped that the vices themselves may be decreased. At least it is an experiment on the side of philanthropy, which somewhat dulls the edge of the censure which is so often cast upon the owners of ships for their treatment of the sailor. They may deserve some of it; but Leviathan is not easily tamed, and every effort to do it deserves notice and approval.

NOT LICENSED TO KISS.

Constitutional questions and problems of disputed police powers are not the only subjects over which the Judges of the Supreme Court puzzle their brains or pronounce their dicta. Their jurisdiction is very extensive, and there is an endless variety in the rights they are called upon to sustain, and the wrongs they are invited to remedy. Thirty-two Judges in one Court; every man his own witness; and litigation made cheap by law—these are sufficient guarantees for large calendars in every district, and a lawsuit as the result of every quarrel. A sample of the important questions which occupy the judiciary in the "rural districts," may be found in the following little narrative, which we popularize from a recent volume of "Howard's Practice Reports," which a legal friend has handed to us by way of light reading:

A very select party of ladies and gentlemen made an excursion from Rochester to Niagara Falls and back by railroad. In the course of the journey, probably on the return trip, and after the effects of so much water had been, as far as possible, counteracted on the part of the gentlemen of the company by potations of fluids of a different description, it was moved and seconded that Mr. Somebody should proceed to kiss all the ladies in the train. The vote was unanimous in the affirmative, and the decision was forthwith carried out by the lucky appointee. He kissed every lady passenger with entire success until he came to the last one, who manifested a preference to be let alone. The proceedings in the car in which the vote was taken were stated to the fair recusant, but she refused to recognize the rights thus conferred, very much on the ground of resistance taken by Mayor Wood to the Police Bill, as an attempt to legislate over territory not within the control of the appointing power. Thereupon, by a summary process of replevin, the kiss was attempted to be taken; there was a display of finger-nails and other defensive artillery on the part of the lady, and some voluntary championship on the part of her neighbors in the car, and the kiss was not reduced to possession. The disappointed applicant no doubt consoled himself with the reflection that he had acted up to the spirit of his appointment, and was disposed to retire into private life. He reckoned without his host. The young lady provided herself forthwith with "a next friend," or "*guardian ad litem*," and the trespasser on her vestal and vested rights was sued for *assault and battery!* The case was tried, and the defendant pleaded that he was licensed to kiss the plaintiff by the vote of the company. She offered to prove that she did not belong to the excursion party, but was an outsider, over whom they had no control. But the Court and the Jury sympathized with the defendant and thought he ought to have had the kiss, so they gave him a verdict. There was an appeal, of course, and our lady readers will be gratified to learn that, after learned argument and "due deliberation in the premises," the General Term of the Supreme Court have solemnly decided that a license to kiss may be conferred, but that the proceedings in this case did not create a license; that the principle of squatter sovereignty does not apply, and that the lady is entitled to a new trial. The Court of Appeals is open to the parties, and may reverse this judgment; but until it does, the great question which it involves may be regarded as settled, and as affording another of the many calls for gratitude that we possess a free and enlightened judiciary. Kissing we always supposed went by favor, but it seems it goes in this State by license; and, as a matter of precaution, it would be well for gentlemen inclined to the practice to see that they are duly licensed before engaging in it.

PRIVATE *vs.* PUBLIC ENTERPRISE.

The *Vanderbilt*, built and equipped by a private citizen, made her first trip to Cowes in less than ten days' time. The *Niagara*, a Government steamer, launched about the same time, and also on her first trip, took seventeen days and a half to get from this city to Deal. It is always so. Uncle Sam never gets as much for his money as any one of his enterprising nephews. There is no blight upon economy, sagacity, and success like a Government contract. The best-laid plan, under its withering influence, becomes a failure, and the noblest work degenerates into a job. The motives which actuate private enterprise are all wanting in a public work, and the nerves even of American skill and activity are paralyzed. The Government steamer may come nearer to our expectations on her second trip, but the private steamer has surpassed all expectation on her first trip, and the popular conclusion is doubtless the right one, that the public money never buys as much as the money of the citizen.

The *Niagara* is one of the vessels detailed for the service of laying the cable for the submarine telegraph, and as want of speed will be no disadvantage in the performance of this work, she has at least proved herself well fitted for the slow and sure performance requisite for its success.

The *Vanderbilt*, in the mean time, is the latest triumph of American nautical skill, and her success will doubtless tell with good effect on her future freight and passenger lists.

EXAMINATION OF MR. SMARTBOY FOR ADMISSION TO THE NEW YORK BAR.

AT the recent examination of candidates for admission to the bar, the questions were propounded in writing. Several of the young gentlemen greatly distinguished themselves by the brilliancy of their incapacity, the extent and variety of their misinformation, and their numerous and valuable requirements. It may not be deemed invidious toward the others to select, from the performance of one of these embryo Chief Justices, some passages replete with unusually fine learning:

Q. What is Law? What is it as applied to Nations?

A. Law is the science of costs. Those nations who have the least to do with it are generally the best off.

Q. Do the Laws of a State have any force or effect out of its Territory? If so, what?

A. They generally control the enactments of the Federal Government.

Q. Does a State, by a change of its government, lose any of its rights, secured by the Law of Nations?

A. By each successive change of government the right to hold the offices passes into worse hands than before; and the right of the citizen to possess his soul in peace becomes more precarious.

Q. What is a Treaty?

A. A treaty is a prosy document, in high-flown language, prepared at the public expense. Every body debates it—nobody understands it—and neither party regards it when they can make any thing by breaking it.

Q. What are the principal duties of Embassadors? Are they subject to the Laws of the States to which they are accredited?

A. The principal duties of Embassadors to this country are to give flashy entertainments to the swell mob at Washington, and to dress, on public occasions, as if they belonged to a traveling circus. They are not subject to any law for the collection of debts.

Q. How far does the jurisdiction of a State extend over adjacent seas, and what waters are included within it?

A. The jurisdiction is bounded by the oysters, except for the purposes of quarantine.

Q. What is meant by "Contraband of War?"

A. Liquors under the Maine Law. Also dogs in July.

Q. Are injuries inflicted by any one nation upon the individual citizens of another, a just cause of War?

A. If inflicted by a smaller nation than ourselves, they are. Otherwise, not.

Q. Is the African Slave Trade a violation of the Law of Nations?

A. The law of this nation prohibits the Slave Trade, under the penalty of being immediately tried and acquitted by the U. S. District Court.

Q. What are the principal Treatises on the Laws of Nations?

A. Blair's Rhetoric and Scott's Infantry Tactics.

Q. What is meant by National Sovereignty? And, under our form of government, in whom is it vested?

A. The National Sovereignty means the right to hold the offices. It is generally vested in the Democratic party.

Q. What is the Constitution of the United States? What Departments are established by it?

A. The Constitution is a looking-glass, in which every politician sees his own views reflected. The Departments established by it are Knavery, Fillibustering, and Public Plunder.

Q. Are the powers of the Federal Government limited? If so, by what? Is there any difference in this respect between the Federal and State Constitutions?

A. The powers of the Government are limited by the wants of the party in office, and the amount of money in the Treasury. The State Governments are the same thing on a smaller scale.

Q. Can the State of New York lay a Tax on the Commerce of the East River for the improvement of Hell Gate?

A. The next Legislature will undoubtedly try. This Hell Gate, however, like the others, is already so well paved with good intentions, that no further improvement seems necessary.

Q. Must a person be a Citizen of the United States to entitle him to vote?

A. He must be a very stout and brave citizen indeed to exercise that privilege with safety.

Q. Who are Citizens of the United States?

A. All foreigners, except niggers.

Q. Under the Constitution of the United States is there any tribunal established for its ultimate construction?

A. There is a Supreme Court called, for short, Old Fogie, whose constructions are sometimes *very* ultimate. They receive monkey's allowance of more kicks than coppers, and in the end every man construes the Constitution as he understands it.

It is hardly necessary to add that Mr. Smartboy *passed*. He has opened an office in the City Hall, where, among the other duties of his profession, he will give particular attention to discussions on the constitutionality of New York legislation, the composition of libels for the Sunday papers, the preparation of Fourth of July orations, and the engineering of meetings in the Park. We cordially commend him to the patronage of an enlightened public.

AN EXPERIENCE OF ELDRIDGE STREET JAIL.

WE were seated on the deck of the Yonkers' steamboat—my excellent friend, Jules de Courcy, and I—dividing our attention between cigars, scenery, and small-talk. The other passengers had gone below to escape the sun (as if his warm majesty had not been a luxury for the winter and spring days so wearily gone by), and there was nothing of impertinence to interfere with our delights or our free intercourse.

"That was a melancholy death of Eugene Grelet, the French witness," said I, turning over the evening paper, and nibbing my cigar.

"Very—" and Jules was laconic and ruminatory in his tone and looks.

"It's a burning shame," I added, "that such a thing should happen in this country, wherein, according to popular ideas, imprisonment for debt is obsolete."

He still continued in his reverie, and I with my chat.

"When Mr. Greeley was shut up at Clichy how indignant we all got! As we read of Old Dorrit, and Clennam, and the Marshalsea, how our independent blood boils! But *here*, under our own noses, is the creditor persecution carried on to murder, and we are silent—yes, silent—for surely, my dear Jules, as a Frenchman born, you must sympathize with this case?"

"Sympathize! ay, in every nerve! Here, give me a fresh cigar; throw your paper, with its records of the damning blunder of the authorities, into the river, and listen to me:

"Prior to leaving France, in 184–, a merchant gave me eight thousand francs to pay in New York to a certain account. On my arrival I found a letter (I had loitered in London) from another house, forbidding it, as there was some fraud alleged in the matter. Close at its heels came the claimant in person, referred to by my principal. I was in a quandary, and refused to do any thing at present. So placing the money in deposit, I ate my first American breakfast—terrible calamity of a meal it was to my stomach, too!—and prepared for a trip to Philadelphia, to deliver other letters, before commencing office-life as agent for the Paris house who sent me over.

"I was just stepping upon the Amboy steamboat when the claimant of the francs, accompanied by an ill-looking and greasy fellow, tapped me on each arm, and said, 'Not so fast, my fine fellow!'

"'*Milles pardons!*' rose to my lips, for I supposed at first I had jostled him, when the greasy adjunct added: 'So you were going to bob the bush, my jolly bird! were you? Just in time to shoot you on the wing!' and with his words of low humor a little crowd of newspaper boys, orange-venders, baggage-smashers, and all your dock barbarians, gathered around me. The bell rang; the crowd jeered; the men held me; I was frightened; and in a few moments more the boat was off.

"'Now then to *our* captain's office, and settle,' said the ill-looking fellow; at which the crowd laughed. I soon learned his wish. He had a writ against me, and wanted me at the sheriff's office. We obtained a carriage, and amidst a tirade of abuse from the claimant, and a string of slang from the deputy, drove up to the Park, and alighted. But by this time of the afternoon the office, they found, was closed; and denying my entreaties to go to a friend, or to my hotel, or any thing else, the word was given to drive to jail. Something else was said regarding what I then thought were the names of two men, Messieurs Stilwell and Eldridge; although, of course, I know *now* all about the terms."

"My dear fellow," said I, interrupting, "they wanted—or the officer did—a little of the open-and-shut game. Had you given him a ten-dollar gold piece, you could have seen your friend or your lodgings very quickly."

"I was a stranger then. I had not learned to walk the ropes, as you say in English. So up to the jail we were driven. It was—"

"Don't describe it," I again interrupted; "I know it. The little, old, ugly, squat, two-story-and-a-half building in Eldridge Street just as you have turned out of Division Street, with a dirty cupola on the roof. It was used for a watch-house by the city until the sleepy old Charlies disdained its bugs, roaches, and filth, and then it became the County Jail. Grand juries have fired away at it their paper quillets; newspapers have broken vials of wrath over its chimnies; a generation of debtors has cursed its mean apartments; supervisors have cracked their jokes over it; six sheriffs have grown rich out of it; and—"

"But listen to *me*," broke in De Courcy; and, bowing apologetically, I took a fresh cigar to quiet my Knickerbocker passion, and became again a hearer.

"It was a vile place to enter. I was taken into the basement. A toothless old woman grinningly opened the door; for she recognized in my fresh face, tearful eyes, handsome clothes, and, I flatter myself, gentlemanly appearance, a very golden goose to pluck. The apartment was a small room, redolent of tobacco and the odor of stale fat. Here I was shown the writ and allegations that I was possessed of money belonging to another, and was absconding after a refusal to pay it. We were joined by the jailer—a low fellow, compared to whom the bum-bailiff of my capture was an Adonis. He extended me a dirty hand to shake, which I refused, and he said, with a loathsome grin, 'Ah, we'll take the starch out of *you*, my foreign aristocrat.'

"'Can I have paper and ink?' said I.

"'Don't know the articles,' he answered.

"'Why, Tony dear, there's a stationery shop around the corner,' broke in the hag, who was his wife (I confess there was some satisfaction in knowing he *had* a wife, and *such* an one!).

"'But *this* is a stationary place too!' and at this all laughed in gleeful chorus.

"My creditor had left us at the Sheriff's office, or I would have given him an order for the money, let the consequences be what they might, and even had my little means been taken for the future repayment if the order was wrong; and I found I had no recourse but to wait until the following morning.

"'Could I have supper?'

"'I could, and what might I want?' There was a significant emphasis that I know of now upon the last words. But repressing curiosity with my disgust, I said, 'Whatever you have.'

"'Werry good, my fine bird; and wotever ve have it shall be.'

"In a few moments a dirty bowl, with scraps of dogs' meat and soiled bread, was set before me. I turned pale and grew sick.

"'Show me to bed!' I then cried out, in despair.

"'Werry good again. Peggy,' said the jailer, 'take a dip, and show the dainty spark to bed. Perhaps he would like the satin chamber or the damask canopy!' he added, by way of sarcasm. And the old hag lighted me up an uncarpeted stairway to an attic room. The plastering was off the wall in spots. Bars were at the one window. The atmosphere was heavy with tobacco smoke. Two straw beds were on the floor. One stool stood in the centre. The door was banged behind me—the light withdrawn, but not before I saw the figure of another occupant stretched upon the bed in the extreme corner. My heart sank within me; and I thought to myself, '*This* is the country of boasted liberty! Better by far Austria or a Bastile!' I sank on the stool in perfect despair; and as I did so my purse, filled with gold, fell upon the floor with a sound.

"'What heavenly music!' cried the figure in the corner. 'I say, old boy, you *have* got spunk; got all those shiners, as the music speaks, and come to the pauper floor!'

"It took only a few moments for me to draw from him his name and his views and knowledge of the place. And I then learned that gold was the sesame-key to the establishment; that if I paid for it I could stay at a hotel, in charge of an officer, all night (price $25); if I wanted a better apartment, one was down stairs at five dollars a day; that around the corner was a restaurant that would supply meals, and napkins, and silver forks at a round price; that I ought to have feed the first officer, did I want a sight of friends; that the soiled victuals were but a ruse to force me into opening my purse; in short, that every decency of life could only be obtained at a round price; paper, pens, and ink were worth their weight in silver; and unless particular lawyers were employed, the price of one before the retainer came was equal to an ordinary counsel fee, and once over.

"With this cue, although I boiled with indignation, I pursued the course that prudence dictated. Before noon the next day I was a free man so far as jail was concerned, but at an expense of over $250. The suit itself was dismissed as being untrue in its character; and ultimately I got my money back from the original fund. But the remembrances of the horrid keepers, the filthy place, and the enormities which, under the sanction of justice, reigned in the place, as learned from what I saw and heard, can never be effaced from my mind. So when you ask me to sympathize with Eugene Grelet, these are my answers."

* * * * * *

"Yonkers!" cried the deck-hand; and as I leaped ashore, trying to imagine I was running away from a relentless or a false creditor, I thought to myself: "Well, if such be the condition of Eldridge Street jail *now*, no wonder that the young Frenchman died of an abscess of the brain!"

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

THE FIRST SWALLOW.

THE solar fire is being poked up. Flannels and thick-soled boots are becoming oppressive, and people are beginning to reflect on the important subject of where they shall pass the summer. Thin men in dress-coats with gilt buttons, and with pale faces unwholesome with brandy, begin to dot the steps of the St. Bobolink, where they abuse the North and Abolitionism all day long. Dress-makers are fabricating thinner hoops for the light muslin skirts appropriate to the season. Isolated straw hats appear occasionally in the street, and Triangle, the artist, to the great astonishment of every body, came out the other day in a complete suit of white. The first suit of white that people don for the summer season has a very peculiar effect. It is generally full of creases from long lying by, and there is a slightly-yellowish tinge observable. Triangle looked as if he had been kept in a drawer for six months, and been all the better for a flat iron or a mangle. I never beheld a more forlorn picture than he presented before the day was over. One of those magnificent showers that, if an official dignity could be conferred on such pluvious nonentities, would deserve the place of Street Commissioner far better than Mr. Ebling, flooded with purifying waters the choking streets, and washed away in ten minutes all Triangle's summer glory.

It was like the first flower of June, that, emboldened by occasional gleams of sunlight, timidly peeps from its calyx, unfolding its white leaves gradually, until at length it flaunts above its more tardy garden comrades in full-blown splendor. But presently the sky changes. Sheets of rain droop from the heavens. The birds hide in the thickets. The leaves of the trees hang down heavy with accumulated drops. Now behold our vain and foolish flower. Its white head, draggled with mud, crushed with the pelting of the pitiless shower, lies prone on the earth. The snowy vestment which it had displayed so proudly to the sunlight of the treacherous day is soiled forever, while its muffled companions laugh within their green tents at the punishment of the foolish flower.

Divest the foregoing of its poetry, and it will express the discomfiture of Triangle, and my rejoicing thereupon.

There is a good deal of discussion going on as to where people will go this summer. The *Herald* has couched its mighty lance, and rode full tilt at the fashionable watering-places. Newport and Saratoga tremble; and all the little papers that, like the *Speculum*, devote themselves to hotel interests, are in a sad flutter lest their friends the proprietors may not have full houses this summer. How terrible would it be for the *Speculum* reporter if the watering-places were deserted! It would not be the interest of the princely host of the Bivalve Hotel any longer to give that functionary his room and board for nothing.

I think, however, that people will, in spite of the *Herald*, go to Saratoga and Newport. We are too feverish a people to be satisfied with three months of pure pastoral pleasure. I doubt if it could ever become the fashion, as it did in the time of Louis XIV., for young ladies and gentlemen to tend sheep and drink milk; or if it did, Fifth Avenue would have French hair-dressers down to keep the wool of the herds in order, and young America would make syllabub of the milk.

It argues a great want of internal resource on the part of a people, this dread of solitude. When people are afraid of their own society, you may set them down as either fools or criminals. I believe that no greater punishment could be inflicted on Miss Capulet, of Fourteenth Street, than being obliged to pass a rational summer. I am sure that she would vote a month in an English or French country-house slow. There would be too much healthy exercise and too little dissipation for her. Would she ever be able to follow those sturdy Saxon ladies in their long morning rambles over the hills and moors? Alas! her feet were made only for the Redowa. Could she enjoy their botanizing, their geologizing, their conchologizing? I am afraid that she learned none of those sciences at Madame Cancan's, and would only see an ugly piece of stone in feldspar, or a weed in the Dionysia. Those long mornings spent at home reading, painting, working at women's work; hours when all the resources of the female mind are called into play, and many a male visitor forsakes his gun or his horse for the day, in order to have the privilege of enjoying a few hours' charming intellectual conversation within doors, with pretty, well-informed women, don't you believe that Miss Capulet would yawn terribly after the first half hour, and sigh for the inanities of Saratoga piazzas, with the frippery conversation on skirts and scandal, and for the excitement of the three daily toilets, and the hot, unwholesome dance at night? But somehow, if Miss Capulet would look in the glass, she would see that those dowdy English women, as she would no doubt call them, have comely, well-developed figures, fresh, rosy cheeks, pure breaths, pearly teeth, and clear eyes, and that they have not even a bowing acquaintance with our American monster, dyspepsia.

I wish sincerely that our rich people would spend their money on country houses, instead of herding in huge, expensive hotels, where they sacrilegiously renew, in the face of the refulgent summer, the winter dissipations of the town.

THE ACADEMY AGAIN.

I wandered once again into the Academy of Design. The usual number of undiscriminating people were walking about, gazing at the pictures which were the most highly colored, and understanding little or nothing about what they saw. I was much amused by a colloquy which I overheard between a friend of mine, who is remarkable for his quaint wit, and a lady, who is not, as far as I know, remarkable for any thing.

They had stopped before that excellent painting, by the Belgian artist Verboëckhöven, of a mighty Lord of the Pasture, glossy and handsome enough to call forth applause in a Spanish arena. The lady, either affecting near-sightedness or from a mere habit of asking questions, pointed to the picture, and asked my friend "what that was?"

With laudable gravity he turned over the leaves of his catalogue.

"Let me see—258—oh! here it is—by Verboëckhöven. That, madam, is the Portrait of a Gentleman!"

But *revenons à nos moutons*—I don't mean the artists, nor their pictures, though, now that I think of it, there *are* sheep in the calm, delightful picture of The Lowland Pasture, by Mr. Shattuck. I think the foreground is excellently painted. The trees are too thick, as if the artist had put on too many leaves. I can not conceive the wind blowing through such clotted vegetation. Still the picture is delightful, and Mr. Shattuck has begun at the right end by painting through studies upward.

Mr. Louis Lang divides the palm with Mr. Rossiter for the production of *rococo* paintings, the only difference being that Mr. Lang's are bigger and fatter. Who ever saw any thing in nature resembling the three stuffed dolls who figure in La Bella Cantatrice, picture No. 93—First room? From what toy-shop did the artist get that little page, whose purple legs, stuffed with sawdust, are doubled up under him as dummies' legs alone will double? Every thing is stuffed in that awful picture—even the parrot, which is a brilliant specimen of taxidermy.

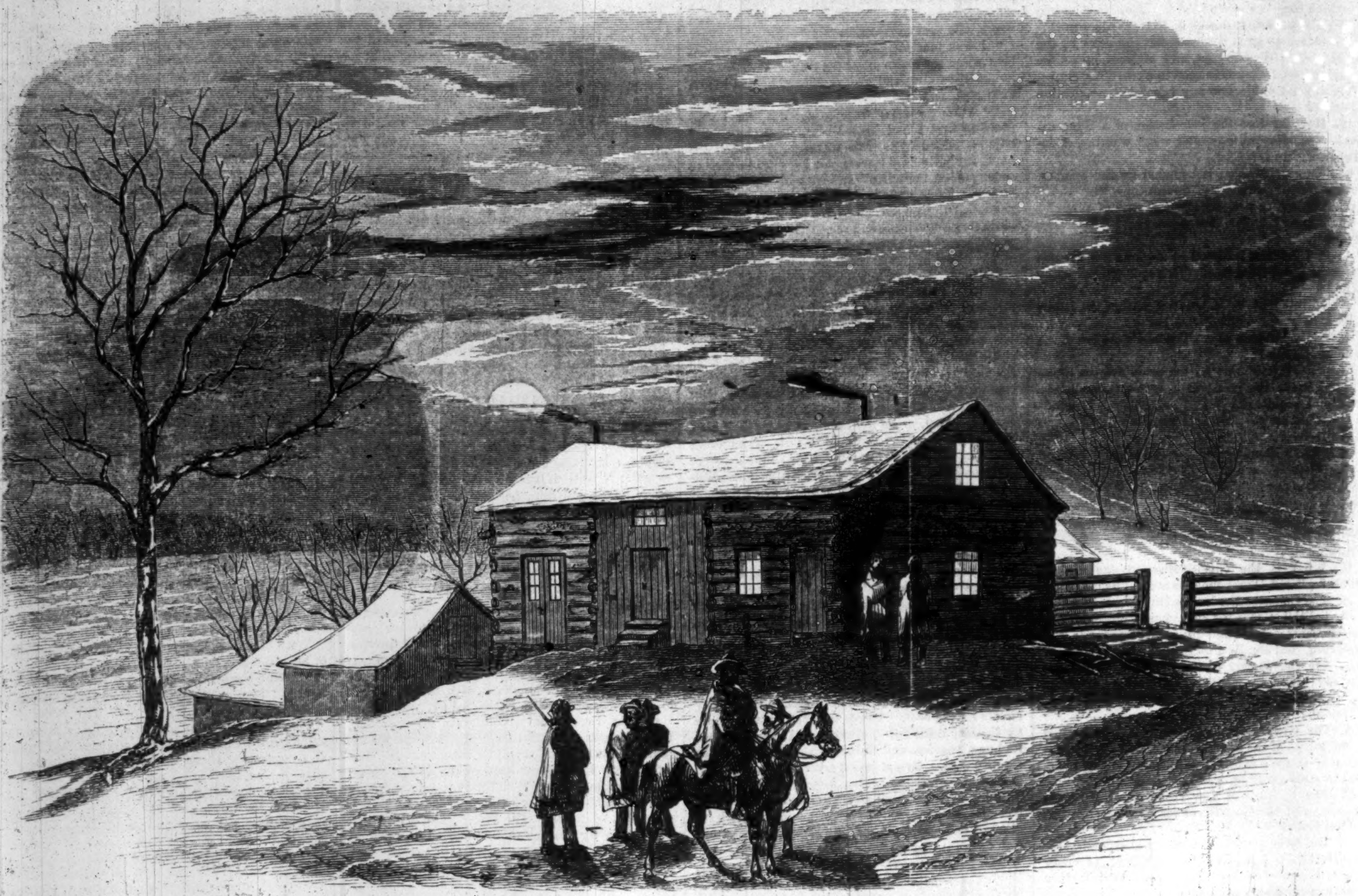
At the other end of the room I discovered a gem by Mr. Rossiter, far superior to any thing I had yet seen from his chromatic pencil. It is entitled Modern Christianity. Where the Christianity is, I am at a loss to know. There is an ugly old man, in a scarlet uniform and jack-boots, advancing toward what seems to be the door of a church, to which he is ushered by a man dressed in black sticking-plaster, with his hat off. There is a boy in the foreground, running away from nothing so fast that he has left one leg several feet behind him. There is a carriage that could never, by any possibility, roll; and a footman with several large red books clinging to his coat—he is not holding them, certainly—and—and there are a great many more wonderful things, too numerous to mention. But the Christianity—where is it? Can it be in the distant railway-cars that so agreeably fill up the background? It is perhaps about to fly from that awful old man in the red coat, who only wants a string between his legs to complete his resemblance to that popular toy known as "Jumping Jack."

I think Mr. Leutze's picture of the Rose of the Alhambra is one of the wonders of the exhibition. It is not a touching composition, but it is effective and memorable. The drawing, too, is excellent, which I can not say in regard to his other picture, The Summons. The effect of light in the former is marvelously managed. How admirably real the awaking of the Cavalier on the Catafalque! How excellent the hazy glare of the candles falling on his face and hands! The grouping of the picture is eminently easy. The figures seem to belong naturally to the places they occupy. The great lady faints heavily; the surprise of the monks is not overdone.

75, by Mr. Lambdin, is a very pleasing and well-painted composition. The incident is natural, and touches the sympathy. Two young girls are alone. One has evidently been singing some song that touches slumbering chords in the other's heart; for, through her hands covering her face, we can almost see the tears oozing. The attitude and expression of this figure are eminently successful. If Mr. Lambdin had given a more intellectual face to the singer, he would have done better. To have sung so feelingly, she must have been an intellectual woman; but there is little intellect in the regular Book-of-Beauty face before me. Still the picture deserves to rank high on the list of contributions to this year's exhibition.

Warwick Castle, by Mr. Cropsey, is one of the best specimens of spring vegetables I have ever seen on canvas. The castle is of that conventional order seen on the stage; and if at any moment a proud baron were to appear on those pasteboard battlements, and defy his foes in the cockney tongue, I should not be at all surprised.

As I find that the more I see of the Academy pictures the more unamiable I get, I think it is better that I should conclude before I grow altogether relentless; so I bid that splendid collection of tea-trays farewell.



THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION, LECOMPTON, KANSAS TERRITORY.

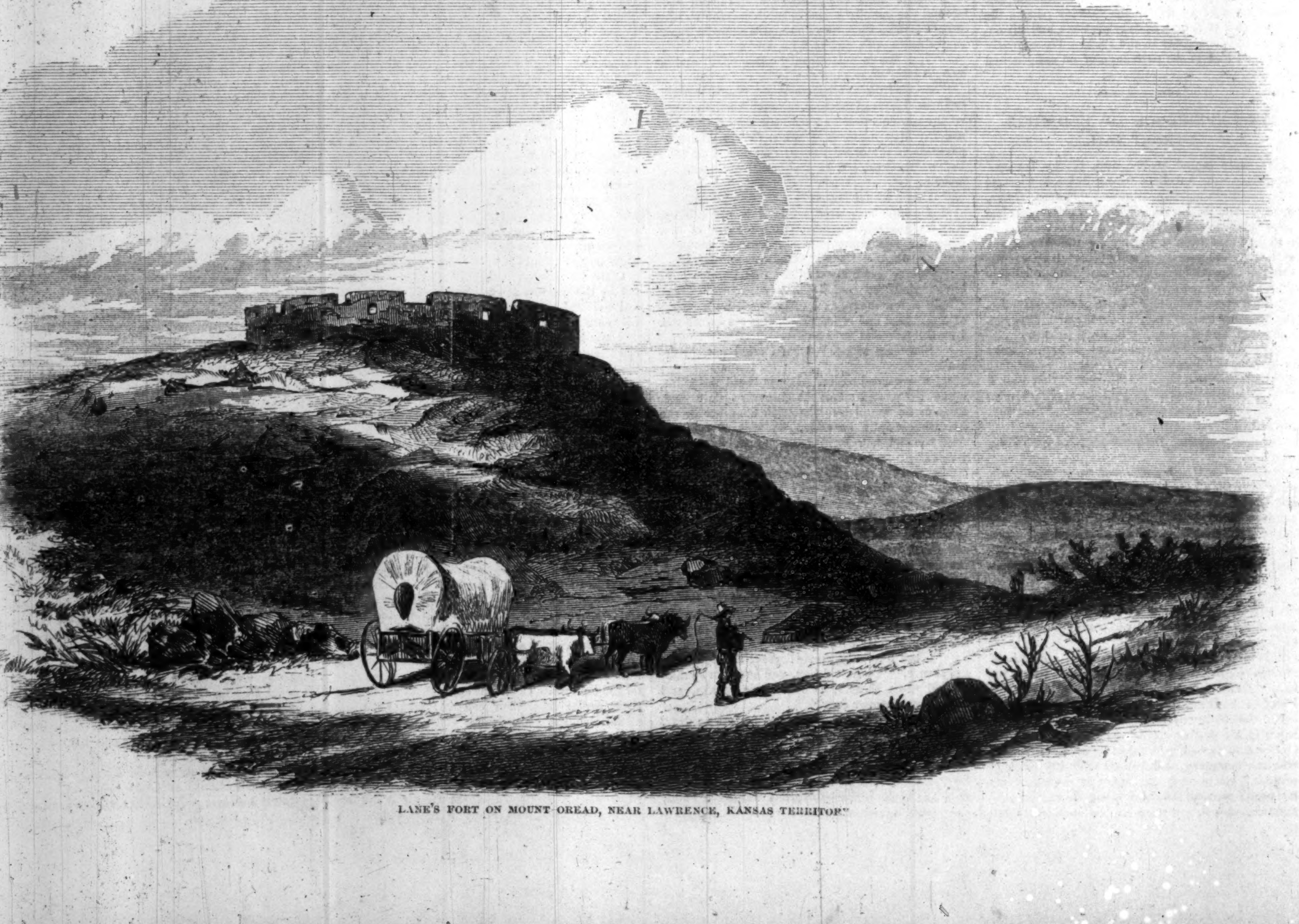
FAMOUS PLACES IN KANSAS.

WE engrave this week two of the most famous sites in the Territory of Kansas—the "Governor's Mansion at Lecompton," and "Lane's Fort, near Lawrence." A few years hence, when Kansas is a flourishing State, and Lecompton and Lawrence are both prosperous cities, with cut-stone buildings and a thriving population, these cuts of ours will be historical curiosities, and we recommend our subscribers to keep them.

The "Governor's Mansion" was built by the renowned Sheriff Jones of Kansas, and inhabited by him until Governor Geary's arrival. At that time the Free State army under Lane was at Lawrence; and Sheriff Jones, not liking the aspect of affairs, sold his estate and residence to one of the *attachés* of the new Governor. Governor Geary made it his residence and head-quarters during his stay in the Territory: it was from hence that he wrote the famous letters which made such a sensation in their day. Rough and plain as it looks, it is said to have been for some time the most comfortable residence at Lecompton. It contains six rooms—three on the ground floor, a library, a dining-room, and an office—and two chambers and a store-room above. The two other buildings seen in the sketch are the ice-house and stable. At Governor Geary's departure from Kansas the building passed into the hands of its original owner, Sheriff Jones, who now occupies it.

The other picture represents the fort which General Lane and Doctor Robinson erected on Mount Oread, near Lawrence, when they believed that the Pro-Slavery party designed to destroy that settlement. As a military work it is believed to be valueless; a few shots from a field-piece would soon bring it about the ears of its garrison. But it is, in its way, a famous historical landmark. It was on this hill that Doctor Robinson built the first house at Lawrence—his own residence—which was burned on 21st May, 1855. The site itself will always be interesting. It commands a noble view of Lawrence and the adjoining country.

Though it has seen none of the casualties of war, it will doubtless be preserved by the people of Lawrence as an interesting memorial of the days when the good people of Kansas were the general manufacturers of excitement for their brethren in the older States. Fifty years hence, when the Slavery question has come to be viewed as an interesting economical problem, like subsoil plows or the merits of guano, the Oread Hill, with its old fort, will be as curious an object as the axe with which great men's heads were cut off in the Tower of London, or the Place de la Bastille at Paris



LANE'S FORT ON MOUNT OREAD, NEAR LAWRENCE, KANSAS TERRITORY.

WISHES.

Oh that I were alone with thee
On some smooth sand-beach by the sea,
Powdered with dust of golden shells,
And lapped with lazy ocean swells!
There to list to the fretting waves
Groping through convoluted caves,
Like prisoners moaning to reach the light,
And crazed with a labyrinthine night.
There to watch thy footprints sink
Delicate dies in the sandy brink,
As if the shore found something sweet
In thus remembering thy feet!

Oh! that I were alone with thee
In some old garden—let it be
In quaint New England—shaded o'er
By ash and elm and sycamore.
Where paths 'mid mazes of blossoms run,
One half in shadow and one in sun;
Where nods the marigold's living amber,
And woodbines over the tall rods clamber,
With sunflowers lofty and hollyhocks too,
Whose fiery lips drink up the dew,
While the thirsty wind-flowers that lie below
Vainly open their cups of snow.
There to inhale the rich perfumes
With thee, and to watch the waving blooms,
Bathed in the dews that rise and fall
'Twixt the stars and the flowers that fill this hall
Of the palace of God. To idly caress
The lilies that gleam all over the place,
And plucking those ones that face the south,
Crush their white buds o'er thy pouting mouth,
And vail the light of thy rosy lips
Beneath a pale moon-like eclipse!

Oh! to be alone with thee
Under the shade of some ancient tree
In the autumn time, as it kingly stands
Ruling its royal forest lands.
There to see nothing but waving limbs
And floating leaves, while the sunlight swims
Through sea-green channels that stretch away,
And end in the ocean of distant day.
There, in the glade, with nobody near
Save the winds, that lift up the leaves to peer
At thee, and wonder what new-born flower
Had sprung into life in their secret bower—
I would whisper to thee, so loving and low,
That which you never have heard—but know!

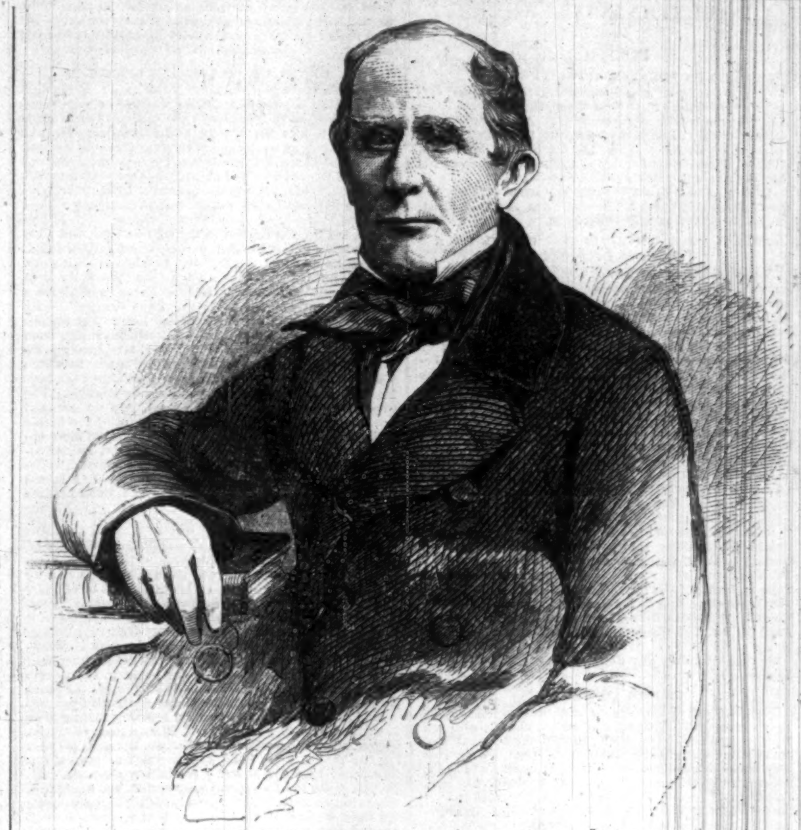
THE NEW COMMISSIONERS TO CHINA.

The Hon. William B. Reed, United States Commissioner to China, leaves in the *Minnesota* for the scene of his official duties, and we have therefore chosen this moment to present his likeness to our readers, together with that of the British plenipotentiary, Lord Elgin, who left some weeks since for Hong Kong.

Mr. Reed's life has been unobtrusively useful. The world has heard little of him, because he has always been busy with better things than the current waifs and estrays of politics. Born at Philadelphia in 1806, he graduated at the University of Pennsylvania, and was called to the bar of Philadelphia while yet a boy. He was probably indebted to his family connections for his first step in life. His grandfather, General Reed, has the credit of one of the pithiest sayings in our history; the *mot*, no doubt, served as an introduction to his grandson, and we find him, at the age of twenty, an *attaché* to Mr. Adams's fruitless mission to Panama. High hopes of a confederation of American republics then filled the minds of many of our statesmen: young Reed, no doubt, fancied himself on the verge of fame. As it fell out, he owed to his Panama mission a very delightful *séjour* among the *señoritas* and charming hills of Mexico—nothing more.

From this failure, possibly, Mr. Reed derived a distaste for active political life, as contrasted with private usefulness. Returning to Philadelphia, he devoted himself with ardor to the practice of his profession. He has been rewarded. His opinions are every where read with respect, and his practice as a commercial lawyer has been very large and lucrative. It has not prevented his serving a couple of terms in the State Legislature, and a term in the Senate; but he declined going to Congress, when the nomination was offered him in 1841, and respectfully declined likewise Mr. Fillmore's offer of the post of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. More congenial offices to him were the Attorney-generalship of Pennsylvania, which he held for many years, and the office of District Attorney of Philadelphia, which he has filled ever since 1848, and in which he is perhaps best known to the public.

As a writer, Mr. Reed has added some valuable contributions to the historical literature of the country. As a politician, he has never been violent in his partisanship. He acted with the Whigs throughout their career. Last year, when the hopelessness of Mr. Fillmore's candidature left the contest in the hands of Buchanan and Frémont, Mr. Reed was one of those old Whigs who rallied to the Democratic banner, and gave his influence and his vote for Buchanan. The accession, coming at the time it did, was of signal value to the party.

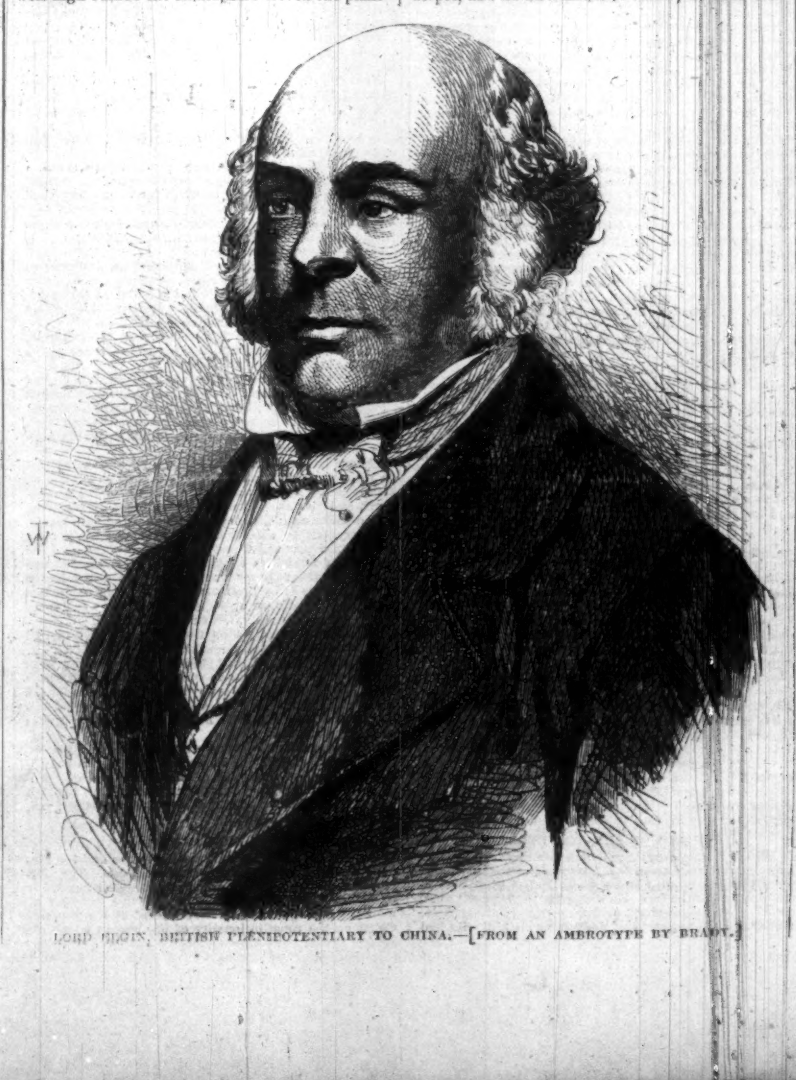

THE HON. WILLIAM B. REED, UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER TO CHINA.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BROADBENT, OF PHILADELPHIA.]

As Commissioner to China, Mr. Reed fills, we think, the most important of the foreign missions. He will not have much red tape diplomacy to occupy his mind; but it is quite likely that he may be the instrument of changes that will alter the face of the world. He is instructed not to make war on the Chinese, but only to protect, so far as may be necessary, the interests of United States citizens in China, and to exhaust every pacific effort to extend the means of intercourse between this country and China. The treaty between the United States and the Chinese empire has expired by limitation; a new one, under any circumstances, must be framed. We have reason to believe that Mr. Reed is alive to the importance of obtaining from the Chinese, if possible, the entry of their great rivers, and the right of selling the products of American industry on their soil. Whether our pacific attitude, as contrasted with the hostile policy of England, France, and even Russia, will be likely to obtain what we want, remains to be seen. At any rate, the Chinese are in a dilemma. If they will only yield to peaceful negotiation, Mr. Reed is ready to meet them on peaceable ground; if they will only yield to force, the English and French will meet them there. And as it is well understood that none of the great nations seek exclusive privileges, the chances are greatly in favor of the consummation of the great scheme of Chinese development which has so long attracted the attention of statesmen.

The representative of England in China, the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, is as well known on this side the water as on the other. Born, some fifty years ago, a younger scion of the Scottish house of Elgin, which his ancestor impoverished to stock the British Museum with the famous Elgin marbles, the Honorable James Bruce was educated to earn his living as a Scottish barrister. An opportune decease in his family threw the weight of the Earldom on his shoulders; and he found himself commencing life with an old title, no end of encumbered estates, and a finely trained mind. Entering Parliament as a Conservative, he was glad to accept the Governorship of Jamaica at a time when the effects of the Emancipation Act had well-nigh ruined the island, and driven the planters to the verge of insurrection. He discharged his duties faithfully and skillfully; succeeding in allaying discontent, and reconciling the Jamaicans alike to the colonial tenure and to the altered social condition consequent upon the abolition of slavery.

From Jamaica, ten years ago, he was transferred to Canada, likewise in a transition state. The British Parliament, taught wisdom by the rebellion of 1837–8, had conceded to the people of the Canadas a tolerably complete system of self-government. It was received with enthusiasm by the bulk of the people. But the ultra-British minority chafed at the idea of sharing their privileges of citizenship with their fellow-countrymen of French origin; and though their opposition would have been of little consequence under a rightly administered government, it had acquired serious proportions under the partial rule of short-sighted politicians like the late Lord Metcalfe. The Tories had begun to fancy they could nullify the Constitution and retain control of the Government. It was under these circumstances that Lord Elgin assumed office as Governor General in the year 1847.

A brief study of the Constitution of Canada satisfied him that his powers were—like those of the British sovereign—subordinate to those of the Colonial Parliament. He resisted the efforts of the Tory party, who desired him to become a Tory despot, and an instrument of theirs; and the consequence was the collision in which certain Vandals of the high British faction burned the Parliament Houses of Montreal. The act was the culminating-point of a reckless and unprincipled opposition: reaction followed, and Lord Elgin soon found his course sustained by an immense majority throughout the province. The following four years of his government were uninterruptedly happy and successful. He was the means of introducing into the province the great railway system which is developing its resources. Under his direction the financial credit of Canada rose to an unexampled height: various obsolete absurdities were torn from the statute book; vast progress was made in a democratic direction; and generally the Government was administered as it had been by no Governor before him.


LORD ELGIN, BRITISH PLENIPOTENTIARY TO CHINA.—[FROM AN AMBROTYPE BY BRADY.]

In reward for these successes the British Ministry created Lord Elgin a peer of the realm (his Scottish title was a mere ornament), and now Lord Palmerston has deputed him as the British embassador to China—one of the most responsible posts in the gift of the crown. Unlike Mr. Reed, he has gone out to make war as well as to negotiate; but those who know him augur that he will win his laurels less with the sword than with the pen.

As his portrait indicates, he is a man of shrewdness and energy. It was his boast, when he had been two years in Canada, that he knew the laws of the country as well as a native lawyer. With this indefatigable industry he combines Scottish prudence, mingled with Scottish boldness. He will run his head into no cannon's mouth; but if the opening of China depends upon the bombardment of Pekin, the writer begs to predict that it will be most effectually bombarded.

OUR LETTICE.

I said to Lettice, our sister Lettice,
While drooped and twinkled her lashes brown,
"Your man's a poor man, a cold and dour man,
There's many a better about our town."
She laughed securely: "He loves me purely;
A true heart's safer than smile or frown;
And nothing harms me when his heart warms me,
Let the world go up or the world go down."

"He comes of strangers; strangers are rangers,
Aye trusting nothing that's out of sight:
New folk may blame ye, or e'en defame ye,
A gown o'er-handled looks seldom white."
She raised serenely her eyelids queenly:
"My innocence is my whitest gown;
No ill tongue grieves me, while he believes me,
Whether the world goes up or down."

"Your man's a frail man—was ne'er a hale man,
And sickness knocketh at many a door;
And Death comes making bold hearts cower breaking."
Our Lettice quivered, but once—no more.
"If Death should enter, smite to the centre
Our small home-palace, all crumbling down,
He will not blight us, nor disunite us:
Life bears Love's cross, Death brings Love's crown."

LITERARY.

The Satires of Juvenal and Persius; with English Notes, Critical and Explanatory, from the best Commentators, *by Charles Anthon, LL.D.* New York: Harper & Brothers.

From the folio of Vindelin de Spira, printed at Venice, in 1470—the *editio princeps*—down to the present day, Juvenal and Persius have kept company between covers, with almost the solitary exception of the Leipsic edition of 1801; and it is, perhaps, saying no more than the distinguished reputation of Dr. Anthon fully justifies, when we venture the assertion that no edition will have a higher reputation in future years than this latest, which is issued in the plain, substantial form of the classical school-books of Harper & Brothers. For school and college purposes it has, of course, claims that no extant edition possesses, combining all the advantages of clear type and style, with the full explanatory notes of the accomplished editor; while to the scholar it opens new beauties and sources of interest in the two last of the Latin poets and satirists, whose verses have always presented more difficulties and obscurities than, perhaps, any other of the classical authors. To speak of the specially characteristic merits of Dr. Anthon's editions would be superfluous, so well are they known to teachers and men of letters.

Common Sense applied to Religion; or, the Bible and the People, *by Catharine E. Beecher.* New York: Harper & Brothers.

Perhaps nothing can be said more strictly descriptive of this book than that it is a very curious and remarkable work. Certainly the age needs nothing so much as common sense, especially in its religious matters. Lost in wandering mazes of theological disputation, men seek oftentimes a clew whereby to escape the skepticism into which they find themselves in danger of falling. Such the writer avows her own experience for many years. Such, doubtless, many others have often felt their own to be. She seeks to give the needed clew; to show the reasoning mind a simple and plain road to truth, and, necessarily, to faith, on principles that the uneducated and unguided mind will accept and adopt naturally, without the necessity of ethical argument.

Whether she succeeds, and whether the end to which she leads be the truth or not, must be left to the reader's judgment of the sufficiency of the evidence she affords him. The work deserves and will receive careful examination.

The Bible and Science; or, the World Problem, *by Tayler Lewis*, Professor of Greek in Union College. Schenectady: G. Y. Van Debogert.

Professor Lewis, finding no better method of communicating to the public his replies to those reviews which have attacked his former work, "The Six Days of Creation," now publishes another volume. Like the former, it is a work of profound learning, and a contribution to science which is by no means to be lightly valued. Professor Lewis's books always remind us of a great steamer in a dark night or a fog, when we passengers are on deck, watching with intense interest and anxiety the difficulties, obscurities, and gloom through which we are carried, with tremendous force and unerring precision, toward the clear weather and the desired port. We never lose confidence in the thorough ability of our director, and our confidence is always justified.

Explorations and Adventures in Honduras; comprising Sketches of Travel in the Gold Regions of Olancho, and a Review of the History and general Resources of Central America, with Maps and Illustrations, *by William V. Wells.* New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a very readable, as well as a very valuable work. Its interest is enhanced by the present condition of Central America, and the anxiety with which all eyes are turned in that direction. Landing at San Juan del Sur, Mr. Wells plunged at once, like a bold and adventurous traveler, into the forests, making his way to Rivas. Disappointed in his projected route, he retraced his steps, and went up the coast to Realejo. Here he entered the country again, and devoted a year to a thorough examination of its people, soil, mineral and other resources, and to collecting such information as has enabled him to prepare a volume of reliable and most valuable character. No person of note escaped his observation. Names that have become very familiar to us in the course of recent events abound among his personal rencontres. The incident and spirit of adventure which characterize his travels, add a charm to the book which alone was needed to make it perfect. Much of the author's labor was directed toward the examination of the gold mines, ancient and modern, which are found in Honduras. It was of these that the fame went abroad when Central America was to Spain veritable El Dorado. He found them abounding. Old and long-abandoned mines, whence cathedrals have been built in other years; and new veins, where the Indian or the lazy villager goes to scrape out his Sunday spending money. A stranger history than those explorations present can hardly be imagined.

1. The Cotton-Planter's Manual, being a Compilation of Facts from the best Authorities on the Culture of Cotton, its Natural History, Chemical Analysis, Trade, and Consumption, with a History of Cotton and the Cotton-Gin, *by J. A. Turner.* New York: C. M. Saxton & Co.
2. A Practical Treatise on the Construction, Heating, and Ventilation of Hot-houses, Conservatories, Graperies, etc., *by Robert B. Leuchars.* Illustrated. New York: C. M. Saxton & Co.

The titles sufficiently explain the design and character of these books—very elaborate and careful works. The former must be necessary to the cotton-grower, and the cotton purchaser will find it valuable also. The latter is useful to the Horticulturalist every where. They are published in handsome and substantial style.

Ostrea; or, the Loves of the Oysters, a Lay, *by A. Fishe Shelly, Esq.* New York: S. J. Crowen.

A specimen of this oyster-shop must suffice for the present, and the reader who seeks more must walk up and pay his shilling:

> The cold, cheerless house of the fishes:
> Of the slippery Eel, the *con-vul-vus;*
> Slipping here, slipping there, the *convulvus;*
> Now here, and now there, the *convulvus;*
> Now there, the lithe, clammy *convulvus;*
> And with him the Flounder so slimy—
> The Flounder, so slimy, so scaly—
> In the desolate home of the fishes,
> In the shivering home of the fishes;
> The dank, dreary home of the fishes;
> Of the fishes—
> Yes, the fishes,
> The fishes!—

We have already mentioned Derby & Jackson's new edition of Marryatt's novels. They have continued it by the issue of Midshipman Easy, Snarleyow, Newton Forster, and The King's Own, all in excellent 12mo style, on good paper, and well bound, in a style to fit any library. In their library of standard novelists they also issue Mrs. Radcliffe's Mysteries of Udolpho and the Romance of the Forest, both which are welcome revivals of old favorites, forming most desirable additions to all collections of the well-known and popular authors of the olden time.

Ivison & Phinney are indefatigable in the publication of excellent school-books, and now issue Sanders's School Speaker—a book which reminds the grown-up school-boy of those days when he did decidedly "fall below Demosthenes or Cicero," although he announced the fact with a voice and gesture that indicated his ironical understanding of the "piece." Teachers will find this new Speaker worth their examination. The number of books of this class lately published indicates great oratorical ambition in young America of the present day.

Nothing New, *by Miss Mulock,* author of "John Halifax," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have, as usual, purchased the advance sheets of this new work by the most popular living lady author, making their arrangements with herself, and now issue it in their cheap novel form. It is a collection of those powerful and extraordinary stories for which Miss Mulock is so celebrated, and which possess no less brilliancy and interest than her longer novels. The first story, Lord Erlistoun, which forms but a portion of the volume, is announced separately by other publishers, who are waiting for its completion in the *National Magazine* (England), where it is in process of publication; but the arrangement of the publishers of Nothing New with the author obviates the necessity of waiting that tardy periodical.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

THE FOREIGN APPOINTMENTS.

The Washington correspondents have it that the foreign appointments have been made, though not a name has yet been confidently mentioned. All the consulates—some twenty in number—have also been filled; there were eight hundred applicants for them. Mr. Reed, United States Commissioner to China, has received his instructions, and will leave in a day or two.

It is also understood that the Governor of Utah has been appointed, though his name has not transpired. Major M'Culloch positively declined.

ARREST OF A UNITED STATES CONSUL ON A CHARGE OF PIRACY.

Jonathan S. Jenkins, United States Consul at the Navigators Islands, was arrested on 25th ult. on the steps of the State Department, immediately after an interview with Assistant-Secretary Appleton. The warrant was issued by Justice Goddard, on a charge of piracy, and was sworn to by Dr. Van Camp. The charge was, seizing by force of arms and selling a large amount of property belonging to citizens of the United States, including the cargo of the ship *Eudorus,* in the harbor of Apia. It appears from papers filed in the Department, that, on the arrival of Mr. Jenkins there, he formed an Admiralty Court, styling himself Vice-Commissioner, appointed Assistant Judges, Marshal, etc.

The property alleged to have been sacrificed amounted to about £70,000, while that of V. A. Chapin and A. Van Camp was over $100,000. Mr. Jenkins was committed to await the requisition of the Governor of New York.

On 28th Mr. Key, United States Attorney, informed the Circuit Court that the Government did not desire to detain Mr. Jenkins, Consul to Navigators Islands, in custody on the charge of piracy preferred against him by Dr. Van Camp, as the warrant for his arrest was obtained from a Justice of the Peace, without consultation or advice from any officer of the Government or United States Courts, and, besides, the evidence filed in the State Department by Dr. Van Camp did not sustain the charge of piracy.

On the following day Jenkins was discharged on a *habeas corpus.*

TROOPS FOR UTAH.

The Secretary of War and General Scott have been actively engaged for some days, and have about completed the arrangements to send a large military force to Utah, under command of General Harney. Orders have just been issued to the necessary staff departments to have the following troops in readiness as soon as possible: Second Regiment Dragoons, Fifth and Tenth Regiments of Infantry, and Captain Phelps's Battery of Light Artillery, making upward of two thousand troops.

A BROOM IN AN AUGEAN STABLE.

The Secretary of the Treasury has instituted a commission—composed of the following gentlemen: Messrs. Guthrie, Cooper, and Brown—for the purpose of thoroughly examining all the departments connected with the Custom-house at New York, with a view to reform, if reform is necessary to increase facilities in the revenue department. This commission is to report before the new Collector goes into office. The reason of this is doubtless owing to the abuses which have grown up in the Custom-house for some years back, and which have been brought to the attention of Secretary Cobb, who has determined to correct them.

A CANDID LETTER-WRITER.

The following letter was received the other day from a Western village by the President:

"Crawford County, Mo., *April* 30, 1857.

"Mr. Buchanan:

"Dear Sir,—Mr. —— is the Postmaster at this place, and he is gone out West, and has been gone for three or four weeks, and he has no deputy here, but I have been opening the mails and attending to it since he has been gone, as he left the key with me, and the Postmaster told me that I must make a report at the end of every month and did not tell me who I was to write to, but I suppose it is to you we should make our reports, as we are all citizens of the government of which you are now President. If you are not the right one to receive the report, please drop me a few lines, letting me know who I am to report to, and I will write again.

"Report at the End of April.—The weather is cold for the season—Provisions scarce and very high—But notwithstanding all that we have regular mails once a week, good health, and the people of this country are universally pleased with your administration; this is all I know that would interest you; if there is any thing omitted in my report please let me know. My best respects to you and Mrs. Buchanan."

REBELLION IN OHIO.

There has been a collision between the United States and the State authorities in Ohio. It seems that, on 26th ult., a Deputy-Marshal of the United States, with eleven assistants, went from Cincinnati to arrest four persons in Champaign County on a charge of harboring fugitive slaves nine months ago. The arrests were made on 27th, when a writ of *habeas corpus* was procured; but before it could be served the Marshal had got out of the county. Another writ was procured in Green County, and served by the Sheriff. The Marshal resisted, and several shots were fired; but the United States officers were at last overpowered, taken prisoners, and conveyed to Springfield for trial on the charge of resisting the Sheriff while in the performance of his duty. A writ of *habeas corpus* is said to have been issued by Judge Leavitt, of the United States Supreme Court. But, meanwhile, on 30th, the United States Deputy-Marshal Churchill and his assistants were brought before Justice Christie, at Springfield. Messrs. Elliott and Churchill were arraigned on two charges—one for assaulting Deputy-Sheriff Compton, and the other for assaulting Sheriff Layton, with intent to murder. They asked, through their counsel, that the amount of bail be fixed for their appearance at the next term of the Common Pleas. Their bail was then fixed at $2500 each on both charges. The balance of the party, eight in number, were required to give bail in the sum of $10,000, and refusing to do so were all committed to jail.

THE KANSAS ELECTION.

Nineteen out of the twenty-six counties of Kansas have sent in their returns of the census, showing an aggregate, so far, of 9250 registered voters. Acting-Governor Stanton has issued a proclamation for an election of Delegates to the Constitutional Convention, to assemble on the third Monday in June. The character of the emigration to the Territory this spring is greatly better than it has yet been. Improvements are going on rapidly, and capital is readily invested. Governor Walker has arrived, and has been well received.

DEATH OF SENATOR BUTLER.

Hon. Andrew P. Butler, United States Senator from South Carolina, died at his residence in that State on 24th ult., at an advanced age, and after a long illness. His disease was dropsy of the abdomen. Mr. Butler was appointed United States Senator by the Executive of South Carolina, in 1847, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. M'Duffie, and continued in that office until his death. His term would have expired in 1861. Before his appointment to the Senate, Mr. Butler occupied a seat on the South Carolina Bench, and fulfilled the duties of that station with honor. On entering the Senate, Mr. Butler was made Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of that body. In politics he claimed to be an old Federalist, but his public course while in the National Legislature, marked with the fire and vehemence of his character, partook of the peculiarities of the "fire-eaters," and South Carolina had no occasion to complain of his want of devotion to her interests. Personally, Mr. Butler was a man of fine presence, and his genial manners and kindly disposition secured him many friends.

DEATH OF SENATOR BELL.

Within twenty-four hours from the death of Senator Butler, the Hon. James Bell, United States Senator from New Hampshire, died at his home in the town of Gilford, New Hampshire. He was a lawyer by profession, a Whig in old-fashioned politics, and a quiet, sensible, conscientious, unassuming, unaspiring citizen. He had been so little before the public that his election to the Senate, two years since, was rather a surprise out of his own State; but he proved a faithful, capable, deserving Senator. His age must have been near sixty-five.

DEATH OF LIEUTENANT STRAIN.

Lieutenant Isaac G. Strain, United States Navy, died at Aspinwall on the 15th ultimo, whither he went to report himself on duty on board the *Cyane.* His death is a serious loss to the service and to science. He was widely known as the leader of the expedition to Darien. Lieutenant Strain was a native of Pennsylvania, and was born in Lancaster. From an early age he panted for adventure. While yet a midshipman he obtained leave to explore the interior of Brazil, and in company with a small party explored the interior of the province of San Paulo, tracing the courses of the Rivers Tieté and Parana-panema nearly to their confluence with the Parana. In 1848 he explored the Peninsula of Lower California. In 1849, returning from the Pacific, he crossed the continent from Valparaiso to Buenos Ayres, and wrote a narrative, entitled "The Cordillera and Pampa." Soon after this, he was attached to the Mexican Boundary Commission. An African cruise followed his return from Mexico; and not long after we find him leading the fatal expedition across the Isthmus of Darien, in which the leader and men lost their way, and wandered for days together in tropical morasses and deadly swamps. The expedition cost many valuable lives, and undermined the health, and has now caused the death, of the heroic leader. Rallying from the immediate effects of the mental and physical hardships of that adventure, he accompanied Lieutenant Berryman, second in command, in the late voyage of the United States steamer *Arctic* to sound the course of the Atlantic telegraph. This was his last public service.

PERSONAL.

At the meeting, at Boston, of the National Society of the Cincinnati, Hon. Hamilton Fish, of New York, President of the Society, occupied the chair. The Society chose the following officers: Hamilton Fish, of New York, President; Charles S. Davis, of Portland, Vice-President; Joseph W. Scott, of New Jersey, General Treasurer; Thomas M'Ewin, Secretary-General; George W. Harris, Assistant Secretary-General; John H. Markland, Assistant General Treasurer. At the banquet held at the United States Hotel in the evening, sentiments were responded to by the President, Ex-President Franklin Pierce, and by other distinguished gentlemen present.

Ex-President Fillmore has been stopping for a day or two with his brother-in-law, A. C. Harris, Esq., of Washington, about three miles out of Toledo, Ohio. One evening the Toledo Brass Band, accompanied by several citizens, paid him a visit and gave him a serenade. Although it was to him entirely unexpected, and found him somewhat *en déshabille,* he soon made his appearance on the front steps of Mr. Harris's residence, where he was greeted with cheers that were deafening. Mr. Espy, on behalf of Toledo, apologized in a few remarks for the abrupt and unseasonable visit. Mr. Fillmore responded in a very neat and happy speech.

General Sam Houston has taken the stump as Know Nothing candidate for Governor, in Texas.

Mr. Buchanan will change his residence in July, from the White House to the Soldier's Home, about four miles from the centre of Washington City.

The Concord (N. H.) *Standard* says that General Pierce will figure for a seat in the United States Senate, and predicts his defeat. The prospect certainly is not very promising at present.

Dudley A. Mann, late Assistant Secretary of State, has been in New York, and in great glee at the prospects of increasing the commerce of the South, growing out of his projected line of steamers between Chesapeake Bay and Europe.

Mr. Morse, late special Commissioner to Bogota, has arrived in Washington. He has no doubt of the eventual settlement of the difficulty between New Granada and the United States in a manner satisfactory to both republics.

Major-General Jesup has published a letter reflecting severely on the management of the French army in the Crimea. People laugh at it.

The Government has every confidence in the report of Dr. Caldwell, that there is a practicable route for a ship canal across the Isthmus of Darien, and will order a survey to be made.

Governor Marcy is at Congress Hall, Albany. He is in fine health, and evidently enjoying the relaxation which exemption from long and severe labor affords him.

Dred Scott is a slave no more, having been emancipated, with all his family, by a gentleman of St. Louis, to whom they had been conveyed for that purpose by Mr. Chaffee, of Massachusetts.

Lord Napier gave a grand ball on 28th in honor of the Queen's birthday.

The Hon. H. J. Raymond sailed for Europe with his family in the *Arago* on 30th ultimo. He will be a few weeks absent.

Senator Bigler of Pennsylvania has gone to visit Kansas.

General Cass leaves Washington for the Railroad Celebration, and will visit Michigan before he returns.

Vice-President Breckinridge was among those present at the opening of the Old School Assembly at Lexington, Kentucky, last week.

Hon. Fayette M'Mullin, of Virginia, has accepted the position of Governor of Washington Territory.

A daughter of Hon. Reverdy Johnson was married to Andrew S. Ridgely, in Baltimore, last week. The wedding took place at the residence of the bride's father, and was a grand affair.

General Eyre, of Canada, narrowly escaped drowning in the Richelieu on Sunday, by the upsetting of a boat. He was fished out safe, the banks of the river being lined with spectators.

It is announced that the wife of General Scott is dangerously ill in Paris. Her daughter-in-law sailed from this port on Saturday to join her.

Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson addressed an audience at Washington the other evening.

Governor Wise is on a visit to his home, at Only, Accomac County, Eastern Shore, Virginia. He passed through Norfolk two days before the election.

George Peabody, the London banker, is at Boston, where he will remain till August, when he returns to England.

Rev. Henry M. Wood, of New Hampshire, late United States Consul at Beirut, Syria, returned home by the last steamer from Europe, having left Beirut April 4. He has been absent about two years, and returns in fine health to assume the duties of the more agreeable post of Chaplain of the United States Navy.

George Lawrence, a boarder at the Fort Orange Hotel on Broadway, at Albany, was found dead in his bed on 27th ultimo. During the night the gas-pipe in his room burst, and he was suffocated, it is supposed, in his sleep.

The barbecue at Vicksburg, to Colonel Jefferson Davis, was very largely attended. Delegations were present from Yazoo City and County, Jackson, Canton, and the parishes of Louisiana contiguous. The procession was headed by the military and went to the Court House Square, where Colonel Davis spoke for an hour and a half. At the dinner speeches were made by Messrs. Tupper, Singleton, Roy, Graves, and Burwell.

Letters from England state the sculptor, Crawford, had been in London a week under the care of Dr. Fell. Mr. Crawford had endured great pain during his journey from Paris, but his family are encouraged by the assurances of the physician that, without promising a cure, he should not have recommended Mr. C.'s coming to London unless he had good reason to hope for one. A few weeks will decide the case.

There is an inscription on a tomb-stone at La Pointe, Lake Superior, which reads as follows: "John Smith, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

Orson Pratt, the Mormon Elder, was killed on the 14th ult., near Van Buren, Arkansas, by a man named M'Lean, whose wife Pratt had seduced.

THE POLICE WAR.

The war between the Metropolitan Police and the Municipal authorities of this city is in *statu quo.* The Metropolitan Commissioners, however, struggle more feebly than they did. They have, it is said, five men and no money. A judgment has been rendered by the Supreme Court on the constitutionality of the law, in which the majority of the Court (Davies and Peabody) held that the Legislature could appoint a Metropolitan Police, while the minority (Rosevelt) decided that the Legislature could not infringe the municipal rights of the city. The case has gone to the Court of Appeals.

THE FAMINE IN MICHIGAN.

The reports from the famine district in Northern Michigan continue to come in, painted in colors which are vivid and startling. Whole neighborhoods are suffering for lack of the necessaries of life, and provisions are transported by heads of families for many miles, the prices asked for which are met by notes payable a year hence, or the cost met by mortgages upon the property of the parties. The Relief Committees formed in Detroit and elsewhere are taking active means to relieve the distress.

A man arrived at Lansing on 19th ult., bearing a petition for and from the township of Coe, Gratiot County. The bearer of this petition has a wife and four children. When he left home they had twenty pounds of flour in the house, which he had carried on his back from Fish Creek, a distance of *forty-eight miles!* He says most of the people in the vicinity of his residence live chiefly, and some of them entirely, on such roots as they can procure in the woods. They are pale, emaciated, feeble, and disheartened. They have no money, the roads are bad, their teams are utterly helpless, and their sufferings appear to have rendered them incapable of that effort which, under ordinary circumstances, they would not hesitate to make.

THE CONFERENCE OF SPIRITUALISTS.

A conference of practical spiritualists has been held at New York during the past week, a lady in the chair. A singularly constructed model of a motive power for a perpetual motion, which purported to have been dictated by the spirits, was exhibited and explained at great length by Mr. Hewitt. The Secretary, Mr. Sheldon, also read several spicy articles relative to motive powers and model houses, which were to be constructed in accordance with the views of the spirit world. The President read a very queer article of her own production on a new order of government which was advocated by several gentlemen. Mr. Hewitt also exhibited his spiritual model house, which was, he said, after the model of a man. The house itself had the appearance more of a Chinese building than any thing else, and was filled with pigeon holes somewhat representing the honey comb.

PUMPING *vs.* PRAYING.

The ship *Senator,* which arrived at this port from Liverpool last week in a leaky condition, met with a very severe gale of wind just after leaving port, on the 9th of April, in which she shifted her cargo and sprung a leak. After several days of hard pumping, the crew, becoming exhausted and discouraged, notified the captain that they should not pump any longer. Captain Coffin hereupon assembled all hands. Taking out his watch, he looked at it, and then at the men, and said coolly: "It is now just twelve o'clock; at the rate the ship is now leaking, I calculate we shall all be in the other world at about half past two. *I* am going below to say my prayers," and went into his cabin. A consultation was soon held. One old fellow declared he had rather pump than pray, as he *understood* it better, and it agreed better with his constitution. In a few minutes the captain heard the pumps going again as lively as ever; and they did not cease going, except at short intervals, until the ship arrived in New York.

VAT HE VANTED A VARRANT FOR.

A day or two ago a German entered one of the police courts, where Justice Flandreau was presiding, when the following dialogue took place:

Dutchman. "Meester Joodge, I vants a varrant."

Judge. "What do you want a warrant for?"

Dutchman. "I tells you vat for I vant a varrant. A man comes to my house and like my vife; but I no care for that."

Judge. "Well, what did he do then?"

Dutchman. "Vell, he trinks my lager bier, then kiss my vife; but I cares nothing for that."

Judge. "Well, what does the man do then, that you want a warrant against him?"

Dutchman. "Vell, after he trinks my lager bier, he puts his hand on my vife; but I no cares nothing for dat."

Judge. "Well, what does he do then? I have no time to listen to a long rigmarole story."

Dutchman. "Vell, then, he takes his hand off my vife, and puts it in the sourkrout barrel, and pulls the sourkrout out of the barrel, and throws it on the floor; and dat is for vat I vant the varrant."

The Judge declined the application.

BRAZEN WOMEN.

People have often heard of brazen-faced women; but hereafter when we speak of brass in connection with ladies, we must not allude to their faces. Most of the brass mills in Connecticut are busy preparing the brass hoops which ladies wear in their skirts. A Winsted paper says that the new brass mill at Plymouth is engaged upon an order for 1000 pounds of these strips of brass, and that an average of 700 pounds daily is sent to New York by railroad.

THE NEWBURG MYSTERY UNRAVELED.

The dark clouds which have so long hung over the Newburg murder appear to be lifting, and some rays of light are thrown upon the case. The body of the woman has been identified by a French negro as his wife, and some important testimony, which is for the present kept strictly private, has been secured by the Coroner toward finding out the murderers, if murderers they are. The woman had left her husband, and associated with low characters.

SCATTERING BABIES ABOUT.

The other day an interesting little girl, a few weeks old, was found upon a door-step in Fourth Street, below Walnut, Philadelphia. Two additional cases of child desertion have occurred since. One afternoon a woman, who had a female infant about two months old in her arms, hailed a boy at Sixth and Race streets, and gave him twenty-five cents to take the baby to the house of a certain physician. The boy did as he was directed. The doctor refused to receive the child, as he knew nothing about it, and the little one was sent to the Sixth Ward station-house. It was afterward sent to the Alms-house.

About ten o'clock next night, a citizen passing along Green Street, below Eleventh, saw a bundle lying upon a door-step. Upon examining it he discovered that it was a neatly-dressed young baby wrapped in a shawl. Upon the dress of the child a note, neatly written in a female hand, was found pinned. The following is a literal copy of the note:

"May 26th, 1857.—Take this dear child and do for it as your own. Its mother, though respectable, is not able to do for it as she would wish. And as to his father, he is dead forever.

"Take me in, though young I be
Time will show what I will be,
And if a *friend* in you I find
My Mother's blessing you will have.

"I was born May 20th 1857 and Ambrose is my name."

The envelope was superscribed,

"From Ambrose
"Philadelphia."

It is probable the little foundling will be adopted by some one of its numerous fanciers about the station-house. It is proposed to name it Myers, in compliment to the lieutenant of the ward in which it was found.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SUPERSTITION.

On Sunday before last the good people of Ephrata, Pennsylvania, were startled and shocked by the intelligence that the remains of a certain Miss Sophia Bauman, who died about nine years ago, had been exhumed on that day by two men hired for the purpose by the friends of the deceased. Curiosity was naturally excited and speculations started as to the cause of such an open desecration of the ashes of the dead on the quiet of the Sabbath; and upon inquiry of some of the relatives, our correspondent learned that the young lady alluded to had died of consumption, and that since her death two of her sisters, her mother, and two brothers, had also died of the same disease.

In all these cases an hereditary taint was strongly marked, and no doubt was left upon the minds of physicians and all sensible persons as to the cause of their death; but the opinions of physicians were set aside by the incursions of ignorance and superstition, under which the belief was seriously entertained and acted upon, that by some hocus pocus the winding-sheet of the corpse had got into her mouth, and that by a continual suction (the *modus operandi* of which was only known to the spirits) she had actually drawn the other five members of the family after her; and that unless this winding-sheet was speedily removed from the mouth of the corpse she would in like manner cause the premature death of the whole connection!

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

Parliament has been in session since our last advices, but nothing of any consequence has been done. It is a genteel debating society.

THE SPEAKER IN A TIGHT PLACE.

Among the incidents that occurred during the few days the House of Commons was swearing in the members, one was very near resulting in an unpleasant detention of the Speaker in his Chair for an indefinite period. The swearing-in of the members was pretty brisk in the forenoon one day, but as it drew near four o'clock the groups that came up to take the oaths and subscribe to the Parliamentary roll became "small by degrees and beautifully less," until the last one only numbered three. As they were introduced to Mr. Speaker, they passed round by the back of his Chair and left the House. The last one who was presented was Mr. W. W. F. Hume, the member for Wicklow, and after the formal introduction was over he staid chatting with the Speaker for about three minutes, and was about leaving the House, when Sir Denis Le Marchant called the Speaker's attention to the fact that there was not another present to move the adjournment of the House. Mr. Hume was accordingly requested to return and do that kind office for the Speaker, or he would have been unable to leave the Chair until some honorable member could be procured to release him. Mr. Hume at once returned, and, taking his seat at the Treasury benches, said, "Mr. Speaker, I move that this House do now adjourn." There being no member present to move an amendment, it was carried by the mover, and the Speaker retired.

HOMERIC REPASTS.

The Manchester Exhibition is a great success. Next to feeding, art is the thing most cared for. The comestible department is admirable. In order to cook the enormous amount of edibles prepared, a kitchen has been built, which, although only sixty feet long by twenty-five wide, is guaranteed by the makers to cook daily for 50,000 men. Through the ingenious construction of the improved kitchen-range, two small fires roast at the same time some fifty quarters of lamb, with fowls innumerable, while steam and gas are contemporaneously called in to dress the *pièces de resistance*. In this temple Mr. Randall, a *chef* of wonderful promise, glides about in jacket of spotless white and cap of purple velvet, and, armed with a delicate trident, which an unimaginative person might mistake for a toasting-fork, placidly watches the sure projection of his culinary alchemy. He opens one iron door, and you see a single jet of steam playing gently as a fountain on huge rounds of beef, and another discloses a brilliant circle of gaslights, over which the great sirloin himself revolves tranquilly to his martyrdom. From solids to fluids is but a step; and here we find that the great question of beer has been looked after with foresight and vigor. Mr. Salt, of Burton, has thrown his energies into the service of art, and supplies the national beverage in all the popular varieties of sweet and bitter. His efforts have already resulted in several lofty pyramids of tastefully-arranged bottles, and several long rows of butts and barrels. An old London house have contracted for the stout, and have sent down already some seven hundred butts as a sort of sample to begin with. The bill of fare provided for the opening day, exclusive of the Prince's *déjeuner*, was 100 pieces of Aberdeen roast beef, weighing 25 pounds each; 56 rounds of ditto, 42 pounds each; 100 fore-quarters of lamb, 200 ox-tongues, 100 York hams, averaging from 16 to 18 pounds, 600 roast capons, 600 raised pies, 200 gelantines, 600 lobsters for salad, four boars' heads barbacued, with cheese, bread, jams, and jellies proportionable to this immense amount of the more solid nutriment. Lastly, for the serving of this bill of fare, Alderman Copeland manufactured 20,000 dinner-plates, and a Manchester house specially prepared an enormous amount of glass.

MEETING OF THE EMBASSADORS.

A correspondent at Manchester thus describes an adventure of Mr. Dallas and a colleague:

"From every corner opera-glasses were pointed toward the dais in the transept, where the American and Belgian Embassadors had already taken their seats. Mr. Dallas, a tall, venerable, gray-headed man, of determined American features, was dressed in an old blue topcoat with velvet neck. The Belgian Embassador, M. Van de Weyer, was decorated with numerous orders, and gayly walked about, chatting in the most fluent English. A very amusing scene happened at this time, which, expecting, we kept a sharp look-out to see in full. The Embassador from Hayti, Baron Damier, is a black of the first water, with as greasy a skin, and as plump and merry a face as well-to-do blacks usually have. He had been promenading during the morning, and we anxiously waited to see how he and Mr. Dallas would treat each other when they met, as report says the Haytian noble delights to bother the Citizen Dallas by proving, on all public occasions, that he is a 'man and a brother.' At length they met. Dallas (standing) and Van de Weyer (sitting) were on the dais conversing, in the presence of the vast assembly. The black Embassador came up the steps, and his Belgian excellency, with the politeness of a Frenchman, rose and shook him by the hand. The Haytian glanced at Citizen Dallas, as if he expected a similar greeting; but a wave of the hand directed him to pass by. The sight caused many smiles and curt remarks."

TAXATION TYRANNY.

A curious instance of the oppression which sometimes marks tax-gathering in England has just come to light. In 1854, two persons resident in North Shields were appointed to collect the Income-tax for the Tynemouth Indistrict. One of them never acted; the other, a Mr. Briggs, took the whole duty upon himself. In the autumn of 1855, he became a bankrupt, at which time he had in his possession a sum of £1700 of moneys collected for Income-tax in his district. This sum he had deposited in his own name in one of the local banks, and it was seized by the Court of Bankruptcy for the benefit of his creditors. The bank, however, did not surrender it without hesitation. Knowing it to be Government money, the bank declined at first to pay it over to the Court of Bankruptcy as belonging to Briggs's private estate, but wrote to the Commissioners of Income-tax, offering it to their disposal. The Commissioners refused to have any thing to do with it, and the £1700 went to pay Briggs's private debts; but it was ordered that the deficiency should be made good by a reassessment of the township and an exaction of the amount over again. This is said to be no isolated case.

ECCLESIASTICAL PERSONALITIES.

Some misunderstanding has arisen in the parish of Lochrutton, in Scotland, owing to the revival of the old practice of public rebuking in church. Two members having left the church on the occasion when the rebuking was going on, were refused church privileges by the kirk session, and they appealed to the Presbytery of Dumfries. A long discussion took place on the practice, some stating that the minister, in the observance of public rebuking, had acted according to Scripture, and the same principle had been acted upon by his predecessors for nearly a century. On the Sunday in question, when public rebuking was going on, upward of forty of the congregation had left the church, and in doing so had created a perfect tumult. Mr. Hope said that, for his part, he would sooner eat his fingers off than sit and listen to any rebuking for fornication or adultery. There was not one minister in a hundred who observed public rebuking, and he considered the doing so an abuse of their privileges as clergymen. Mr. Austin moved that the Presbytery, seeing that the practice of rebuking in public had fallen into general disuse, and that the appellants disclaimed any intention of disrespect to the discipline of the Church, or to Dr. Inglis personally, sustain the appeal, reverse the finding of the kirk session, and enjoin them to be restored to the exercise of Church privileges. At the same time, the Presbytery, by this finding, did not intend to interfere with the practice, or question the right of Dr. Inglis to exercise public rebuking. The motion was agreed to—an elder dissenting, because such a finding would tend to discourage and destroy the exercise of discipline enjoined by the Church, and resting on Scriptural authority.

WHAT DISQUALIFIES A WITNESS IN ENGLAND.

At the police-court, Hanley, before T. B. Rose and John Ridgway, Esqs., on Monday, March 9, a man named Joseph Taylor was charged by his employer, Mr. J. B. Bebbington, with stealing a wheelbarrow, a quantity of moulds, gum, porcelain ornaments, scales, weights, etc. The whole of the stolen property was produced in court, having been taken out of the house of the prisoner by the police, acting under a search-warrant. On the prisoner being called forward and the New Testament handed to the prosecutor, the following dialogue ensued:

Prosecutor. "Before taking the oath I wish to make a statement."

Magistrate. "Well, what is it?"

Prosecutor. "I wish to state that I regard the oath as a civil, and not as a religious ceremony."

Clerk. "He does not believe the Scriptures."

Magistrate. "Then I can not take your evidence. Now, Sir, I must have the matter more plainly out: You have in your hands a copy of the Holy Scriptures—do you or do you not believe in their divine origin? It would be a perfect farce to swear a man on a book he does not believe. The law allows us to take the evidence of Quakers, Moravians, and some other sects under an affirmation dispensing with the oath, to none of which sects the prosecutor says he belongs; but it gives us no power to take the evidence of a person who says he disbelieves the Holy Scriptures."

Prosecutor. "*I did not say that.*"

Magistrate. "It is a matter of inference. However, the magistrates have determined to take a note of your declaration, and then to take upon themselves the responsibility of refusing your evidence. Now, Sir, you will please to attend:

"'This witness, before being sworn, made a declaration that he regarded the oath as civilly but not religiously binding, whereon, etc.'

"Is that correct?"

Prosecutor assented.

Magistrate. "Then there is no case against the prisoner. Let him be discharged, and let the property be taken back to the place from whence it was brought by the officers who executed the search-warrant."

RULING PASSION IN DEATH.

A few days since, as an old brick oven at the back of a house in Philip Street, Bath, was being pulled down, the workmen found a cat with a rat in its mouth, both reduced to skeletons, though covered with the remains of their skins. It was apparent that the cat had pursued its prey through a hole, and caught it between the top of the oven and a rafter above. From this position it was unable to return, and there it remained and died of starvation. It is remarkable, as showing the tenacity of the cat, that it had never dropped its prey, although it was evident that the rat had twisted its head round and gnawed the shoulder of its captor.

FRANCE.

DISAPPOINTMENTS OF THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE.

Lions do not last long in Paris. They are tired of the Grand Duke already. A Paris correspondent says:

"If one is to credit, not all, but even half of what is heard from people who seem to have reason for what they say, the Court is by this time a little disenchanted of its Grand Ducal visitor, and no very bitter tears would be shed on either side if the parting hour was to be to-morrow. Many little circumstances indicate, it is said, that, whatever favorable opinion his Russian Highness has, in common with every impartial man, of the intellectual powers of the Emperor of the French, he has no firm faith in the durability of the Imperial *régime*. Perhaps he has been disappointed in his expectations of winning him back from the error of his ways—that is, his adhesion to the alliance with England—and this may have warped his judgment or embittered his feelings."

RUDENESS OF THE GRAND DUKE.

He adds: "His Imperial Highness is thought to be rather abrupt and haughty to some of those with whom he comes into contact; and a manner which may be suited to St. Petersburg, where, at the will of the Sovereign, the highest dignitary may be reduced to the lowest rank, is out of place in a civilized and polite nation. An anecdote is now running the round of certain circles which, though I do not guarantee its truth, still rests on fair authority. A person having waited on the Grand Duke in his apartment on some business of the day, was received rather abruptly, and addressed laconically with, "*Parlez haut, Monsieur, et vite—et finissons.*"

THE GREAT STAG HUNT.

The Count gave a great Stag Hunt at Fontainebleau in his honor. At a quarter past one the Imperial party made their appearance from the Palace, which they left by the Cour de Cheval Blanc. The *cortége*, was composed of several *chars-à-banc* and open carriages. In the first *char-à-banc* were the Emperor and the Empress, occupying the front seat with the Grand Duke Constantine and the Prince of Nassau behind, their Majesties and the Princes being in the Court hunting costume, consisting of a green coat with gold lace, the waistcoat red, the lower part of the dress being white, with high hunting boots. The hat Louis XV., a hanger, and a whip completed the costume. As soon as their Majesties arrived at the Carrefour de St. Herem they and their more immediate party got on horseback, grooms having brought horses to the spot a few minutes before. A considerable number of the guests followed the example of their Majesties, horses being provided for all; and as the Empress thought fit to follow the chase on horseback, of course it was the fashion for the ladies to follow the example, and accordingly, a considerable number of them appeared on horseback, and all in uniform. The ladies' costume was exactly of the same character as that of the gentlemen, the habit being green with crimson waistcoat, hat and feather, and gold lace. The Empress's horse was a most beautiful animal, remarkable for spirit, but her Majesty sat him fearlessly, and proved herself a most accomplished horsewoman. After a hard run, the stag seems to have escaped, and the Imperial party went home thoroughly tired, and not a little disgusted.

A COURT FROLIC ON ONE LEG.

At the visit of the Emperor, the Empress, and the Grand Duke Constantine to Villeneuve l'Etang, the amusements were various. First, there were promenades on land and water, a military concert, and the performances of the learned dogs and monkeys from the Cirque Napoleon. After this, their Majesties and their guests, laying aside etiquette, began playing like children on a holiday. A steep mound was taken possession of by the ladies, and they undertook to defend it as a fortress against the gentlemen, the Empress acting as commander-in-chief of the fair warriors. The gentlemen, on their side, in order to make the conflict somewhat equal, made their attack in hopping on one leg. The defense was very determined, and in the course of it the strategical dispositions and bravery of the Countess Prezdzewska, a charming Pole, who acted as aide-de-camp to the Empress, were greatly admired. The Grand Duke Constantine attacked the enemy boldly in front, but was repulsed; he repeated his attempt with impetuosity, but still without success. The Emperor manœuvred skillfully, and actually succeeded in penetrating into the very midst of the enemy, but unfortunately he was then made prisoner. At last the mimic contest terminated, all parties being wearied as much by laughter as by their exploits. Foot-races followed, and then came a game at prison-bars. In the course of this last-named game, the Empress was taken prisoner, and all the Russians of her camp were, with one exception, successively captured, and shared her captivity. The exception was Prince Oukhtomskii, and he, after a while, succeeded in delivering her Majesty. Gratitude, it must be stated, increased his energy, he having previously been taken prisoner, and the Empress having rescued him from bondage. This charming *fête* was marked throughout with the greatest gayety and cordiality. The Grand Duke Constantine appeared delighted with its verve and *laisser-aller*, which were so peculiarly French.

CONSTANTINE RETIRES TO PRIVATE LIFE.

A correspondent writes: "By a fiction which great personages find now and then very convenient, the Grand Duke Constantine will be supposed to quit Paris two days before he bodily turns his back on it. An apartment has been taken at the Hotel du Louvre for him and two or three of his attendants for that time, and, like Jupiter when bent on a private excursion earthward, he will lay aside his splendor for 48 hours in order to run about Paris unencumbered by state. He anticipates a good deal of amusement, and doubtless of instruction, by thus descending to private life. He will probably visit during that short holiday the theatres of the Boulevards, may dine at a 40 *sous restaurant*, or, seated among *bonnes*, *tourlourous*, and *moutards*, enjoy a laugh at the pleasantries of Gringalet, or sympathize with the domestic sorrows of Guignol. In a word, the Grand Duke enters private life for a space, and he is determined to make the most of his liberty."

A GRAVE-DIGGER BURIED.

Some little emotion was caused a few days ago, during the funeral of an old woman in the village of Saint Yrieix (Seine-et-Marne). The grave-digger, an old man of seventy, was at the bottom of the grave waiting for the coffin to be handed down by his son, when suddenly the earth at the sides gave way, and the old man was completely buried beneath the falling mass. The greatest consternation was caused among the persons present. Men were immediately set to work, but the greatest precaution was necessary, in order not to injure the old man with the tools made use of. At length one of his hands was discovered, and in a few minutes he was extricated, safe and sound, with the exception of a slight injury to one of his legs, from its getting jammed under a large stone which fell.

THE LAST TRICK TO SECURE TRADE.

As every traveler knows, the "Brussels sausages" are a savory nutrition. Working-men, particularly, dine oftenest on Brussels sausages. To make a living by the sale of so cheap an article, however, it is necessary to sell many, and Monsieur Vaudenvale, of the "Saucisse d'Or" (as he descriptively names his eating-house), has hit upon the way to bring this about.

At the usual price, and like any body else, Monsieur Vaudenvale sells sausages—but the one you eat at the Saucisse d'Or may be a blank or it may be a prize. In every fifty sausages there is one in whose savory bowels is hidden a gold dollar. Your chance, therefore, to come upon this pleasant variation of minced meat is one in fifty. It is said that the number of sausages eaten at this place, since the establishment of the lottery, is truly incredible. So great is the crowd that it is difficult to gain admission at the door, and it is said that this successful lottery principle is to be introduced as an advertisement for many other articles of common use.

THE SECRET OF LOUIS NAPOLEON'S SUCCESS.

It has been stated that the Emperor is in possession of the talisman of Charlemagne. This relic which, as has been mentioned, contains a piece of the true cross, was, in 797, sent by Haroun al Raschid to Charlemagne, with, according to the chronicle of St. Marin, "the swaddling clothes of our Saviour, the crown of thorns, the winding-sheet, the chemise of the Holy Virgin, the arm of Saint Simeon, and the keys of the Holy Sepulchre." All these objects were conveyed to Aix la Chapelle, and were deposited in the church, whence they passed into the Emperor's hands.

A LANDLORD PUNISHED.

A few days since an eminent artist at Lyons, while passing through the Rue des Terreaux, approached a number of persons who were gathered together witnessing the sale of the furniture of a poor workman. A woman was seated on the pavement with a child in her arms. The painter spoke to her, and was told that the furniture which was being sold belonged to her; that her husband had lately died, leaving her with the child she held in her arms; that she had struggled hard to maintain herself by working day and night, and submitting to every privation, but that her landlord had at length seized her furniture for some months' rent which was due to him. The artist was much affected by this simple recital, and inquired who was her landlord? "There he is," replied the poor woman, pointing to a man who was watching the progress of the sale, and he was recognized by the painter as a person who was suspected of having amassed a considerable fortune by usury, so that to make any appeal to his feelings on behalf of the poor widow would be useless. The artist was considering within himself what other plan he could adopt to benefit her, when the crier announced a picture for sale. It was a miserable daub, which, in the summer, the poor woman had used to hide the hole in the wall through which the pipe of the stove passed during the winter. It was put up at one franc. The artist at once conceived a plan for taking revenge on the landlord. He went over, examined the picture with great attention, and then called out, with a loud voice, "One hundred francs!" The landlord was astounded at the bid, but conceiving that a picture for which so eminent an artist could offer that sum was worth more than double, boldly offered two hundred. "Five hundred!" said the painter; and the contest between the two bidders became so animated, that the prize was at length knocked down to the landlord at 2200 francs. The purchaser then addressing the painter, said: "In seeing an artist of your merit bid so eagerly for the picture, I supposed that it must be valuable. Now, tell me, Sir, at what do you estimate its value?" "About three francs and a half," replied the painter; "but I would not give that for it." "You are surely jesting," said the landlord, "for you bid as high as 2100 francs for it!" "That is true," replied the artist, "and I will tell you why I did so. You, who are in possession of an income of 25,000 francs a year, have seized on the furniture of a poor woman for a debt of 200 francs. I wished to give you a lesson, and you fell into my trap. Instead of the poor woman being your debtor, she is now your creditor, and I flatter myself you will not compel her to seize on your furniture for her debt." The artist then politely saluted the astonished landlord, and having announced her good fortune to the poor woman, walked away.

THE BANK OF FRANCE.

The *Moniteur* publishes the *projet de loi* which has been presented to the *Corps Législatif* in relation to the Bank of France. The capital of the bank is to be doubled. The new shares will be issued at the price of 1100 francs, and appropriated exclusively to the holders of existing shares. Instead of being applied immediately to the necessities of the Treasury, the produce of the new shares will not, up to the amount of 100,000,000 francs, be used until 1859 in diminution of the deficit in the public Treasury. The bank will receive a sum of 3 per cent. rentes from the Sinking Fund. The privileges of the bank are to be continued for thirty years. In exchange for these advantages, the bank will extend to the shares of the Crédit Foncier the advances which it makes on security of the public funds or of railway property. It engages, moreover, to make advances to the Treasury to the extent of eighty millions.

HOW THEY MANAGE STOCK COMPANIES IN FRANCE.

The shareholders in several French joint-stock companies are beginning to lose patience at the losses they have sustained during some years past through the mismanagement of the directors of those companies. Several complaints have consequently been forwarded to the Procureur Imperial. One company, for constructing branch railways, is mentioned, whose shares, issued at 100 francs, have fallen to 18 francs. The Imperial Attorney-General has commanded an inquiry, and is waiting the result.

FRENCH EXTRAVAGANCE.

The old frugality of the French has been banished by the present régime, and luxury and extravagance are now the prevailing habits. Saving and hoarding are at an end, and people live up to their means, if not beyond their means. In Paris the immense increase of handsome equipages must strike every eye, and the other signs of enlarged expenditure are abundant. Women, who play so prominent and important a part in the affairs of France, have of course taken the lead in this new fashion of extravagance, and many of them do not think it unreasonable to devote a third of their husbands' incomes to their own toilets. And this is not confined to Paris; it runs through the whole country, and every provincial town is a Paris in miniature in the features of a new luxury and extravagance. And the freer indulgence in every sort of enjoyment is concurrent with an universal augmented cost of living.

GERMANY.

HOW TO CATCH A GROCER.

A workman recently purchased, in a small provincial town of Germany, ten pounds of powdered sugar; but on examining it he found that the grocer had mixed with it at least a pound of lime. On the following day he advertised as follows in the public prints: "Should the grocer who sold me a pound of lime along with nine pounds of sugar not bring to me the pound he cheated me of, I shall forthwith disclose his name in the papers." The next day the workman received nine pounds of sugar from different grocers who had similar actions on their conscience, and feared publicity.

PERSIA.

SUICIDE OF THE BRITISH COMMANDERS.

We have to mention the suicide of General Stalker, Commander of the Forces, and Commodore Etheridge, of the royal navy, in the Persian Gulf. The verdict on General Stalker's body was, that he came by his death from a pistol shot inflicted by his own hand in a fit of temporary insanity. There was no paper left to indicate this, and he was merely heard to complain that the 3d Cavalry was not given him, and was also uneasy about the responsibility of sheltering the European troops during the approaching hot weather. The verdict on Commodore Etheridge was, that he destroyed himself with his own hand while suffering under mental aberration, brought about by long-continued anxiety connected with the duties of his command.

CHINA.

YEH ON THE POISONINGS.

Governor Yeh, of Canton, has forwarded the following dispatch to United States Commissioner Parker, on the poisonings:

"I received your Excellency's communication of the 16th ultimo on the 2d instant, and observe what it contains—that the American Consul, who had arrived at Macao from Hong Kong, informed you personally that two or three days before certain Chinese people in Hong Kong had mixed poison in the bread which they furnish the public, without distinction of country, of which all had eaten, and had been made seriously ill, and that it was not yet known whether they would survive. On reading this I was very greatly surprised. The Chinese and Americans have usually been on good terms, and the trade between China and other countries has heretofore been conducted amicably; but the English have now for several months, in a most unprovoked manner, brought their troops and engaged in hostilities, and repeatedly setting fire to the shops and dwellings of people, and destroying a very great number of buildings, and have ruined some entire families. Doubtless there are many Chinese whose hatred against the English has been much increased by this; but to poison people in this underhand manner is an act worthy of detestation. Still, as all occurred in Hong Kong, it is impossible for me to examine into all the facts. The act is owing to the unnumbered evils which have been inflicted upon the Chinese by the English; and the natives of the surrounding districts have taken this way of revenging their private wrongs. The Americans having never injured the Chinese, there is, of course, nothing to mar the good feeling existing between them. Your Excellency might with propriety issue admonitory exhortations for the Americans quietly to attend to their own business, and there can be no question but the Chinese will always treat them in a proper manner. What could induce them to think of secretly poisoning them?—a point worthy of your consideration. For this I reply—at the same time wishing you stable peace."

THE EMPEROR'S VIEWS OF THE WAR.

The following dispatch from the Emperor of China to Yeh, has been made public: "We have this day instructed Yeh, that if the English barbarians turn from their present course of their own motion, anger (or hate) need not be carried to extremity, but if they dare to persist in their extravagance and obstinacy, peace is not to be negotiated by a conciliatory movement on our part, as this would open the way to demands for other concessions of importance. Yeh-ming-chin has been very long in charge of the Kwang provinces, and is so thoroughly cognizant with barbarian affairs that he will be able in all probability to devise a proper course of proceeding.

"It occurs to us that the seaboard of Keang-soo, Che-keang, and Fuh-keen, is ground with which the steamers of these barbarians are, by long experience, well acquainted; and as precaution should be taken to defend (that coast) also against the barbarians, who, when they find themselves unable to work their will in the Canton province, may attempt to disturb other ports along it, we command Eleang, Chaou, and Ho, to give instruction privily to the local authorities, in the event of barbarian ships approaching (their jurisdiction), to take such steps as will render them secure, without sound or sign (that may attract attention). If they come to explain the circumstances of the rupture at Canton, they must be so silenced by reasonable arguments that no loop-hole be left them; and seeing this, they may be minded to fall back from their undertaking as hopeless. But (the authorities referred to) are not in any way to take the alarm, as this would disturb and perplex the public mind."

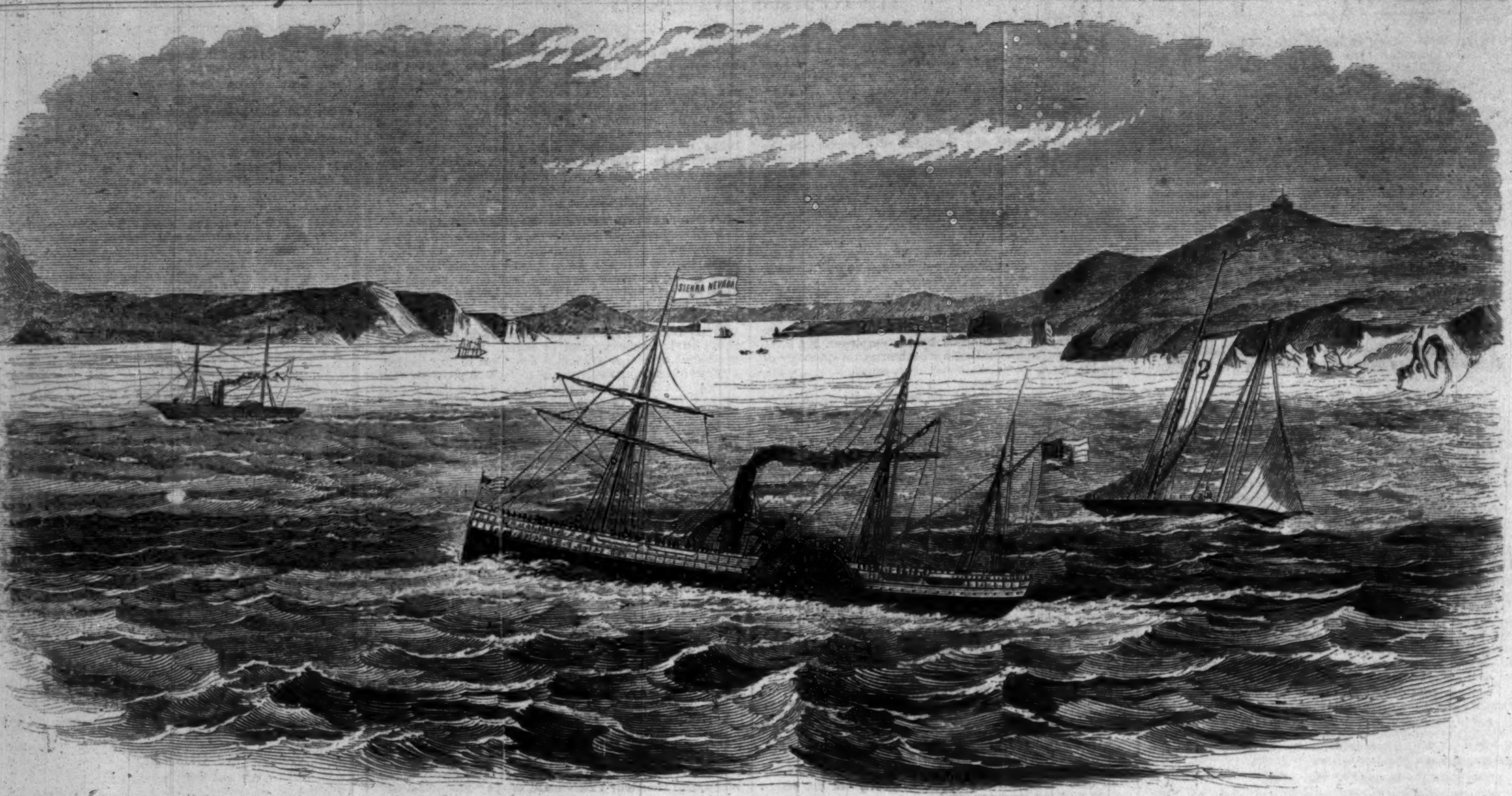
NICARAGUA.

DOWNFALL OF THE FILIBUSTERS.

The steamship *Empire City* arrived at New Orleans on 27th ult., with General Walker of Nicaragua, his staff, and the remains of his army on board. General Walker surrendered on 1st ult. to Captain Davis, of the United States sloop-of-war *St. Mary's*, and was taken to Panama in that vessel. The negotiation was conducted by General Henningsen on behalf of General Walker. Its terms are thus given in Henningsen's report to Walker:

"That under the guarantee of the American flag you should, with sixteen officers of your selection, with their arms, horses, and effects, leave Rivas to embark at San Juan for Panama; that Rivas, with its garrison, should be surrendered to Captain Davis; that the privates should deliver up to him their arms, and, together with the officers, employés, and citizens, be transported by another route to Panama, accompanied by a United States officer and under guarantee of the United States flag. Captain Davis signed the draft of the agreement which I had made out in your presence, and to which you acceded in view of the determining facts that Captain Davis declared that he had embargoed and intended to seize the Granada, which was, therefore, certain, and pledged himself as to the evacuation of the San Juan river by Colonel Lockridge, which was therefore more than probable."

Walker's condition at the time of his surrender was desperate. He was reduced to three days' provisions, viz., three horses, two mules, and two oxen, the latter having been reserved to draw cannon or ammunition. He was hampered with 175 sick and wounded, and over 100 prisoners. He had only 260 Americans (including officers) fit to carry arms, and forty natives. Of the Americans only about 200 could have been counted on for a march. He was without means of transportation for ammunition or artillery, except his light mountain howitzers; and it is therefore probable that but for this agreement he would from the 1st to the 3d of May have broken through the enemy's lines. He was received with transport at New Orleans.



APPROACH TO THE GOLDEN GATE.

THE APPROACH TO SAN FRANCISCO.

Few portions of the coast of North America offer a more pleasing view to the lover of the sublime and beautiful in nature than the coast of California. The gnarled and pinnacled rocks skirting its iron-bound shores, upon which the ocean, with its tireless moan, dashes in piles of boisterous foam; the bright flower-mottled expanse of undulating plains, which ever and anon open to the view as the steamer plows her way toward the land of promise; the occasional view of distant wood-covered mountains, rising with majestic outline against the blue sky, to the eastward the rich tints which, toward sunset, flicker along the shadowy inland peaks, and the interesting associations inseparable from the story of California's rise and unparalleled progress—these serve to awaken in the mind of the stranger, as he nears the coast, reflections which can be produced by no other part of the American territory.

Let us place ourselves on board one of the noble ocean steamers plying between the Central American Isthmus and San Francisco, and as the experienced eye of the commander descries the headlands of the coast looming above the main, take our stand by his side, and observe the rapid approach toward the Golden Gate.

By this time the passengers, "fore and aft," have become aware of our proximity to the land, and, arrayed in their best attire, are gazing with hopeful looks toward the romantic shores we are nearing. The steamer is now headed directly in for the famous Golden Gate of California, and her prow dashes defiantly back the green waves which seem in boisterous playfulness to dare her to ocean sports. But right onward she speeds, heedless of the strife around her. Every moment we are getting into smoother water, and soon the curling billows of the outer ocean subside into the long, regular ground-swell. Whales and black-fish, attracted by the dashing of the paddle-wheels, deviate a while from their sober course, and approaching the swift monster who is making all this commotion in their dominions, blow defianee at her, and derisively cross and recross our bows—but still onward sweeps the steamer.

Far to the westward, mere specks in the ocean, rise the lonely Farallones—the Eddystones of the California coast. They are five islands, situated some twenty-five miles from the shore, and though considerably outside the course of northerly-bound vessels, perilous rocks in the highway of navigation. Upon the largest has been fixed a Fresnel light, which, when the fogs will permit, may be seen a distance of six leagues. Here the egg-gatherers of San Francisco resort in the proper season to gather the eggs of the sea-gulls, which flock in countless millions upon these almost inaccessible heights, to hatch out their young. Whole vessel-loads are annually taken away, and epicures are beginning to pronounce them equal to those of the veritable barn-yard cacklers.

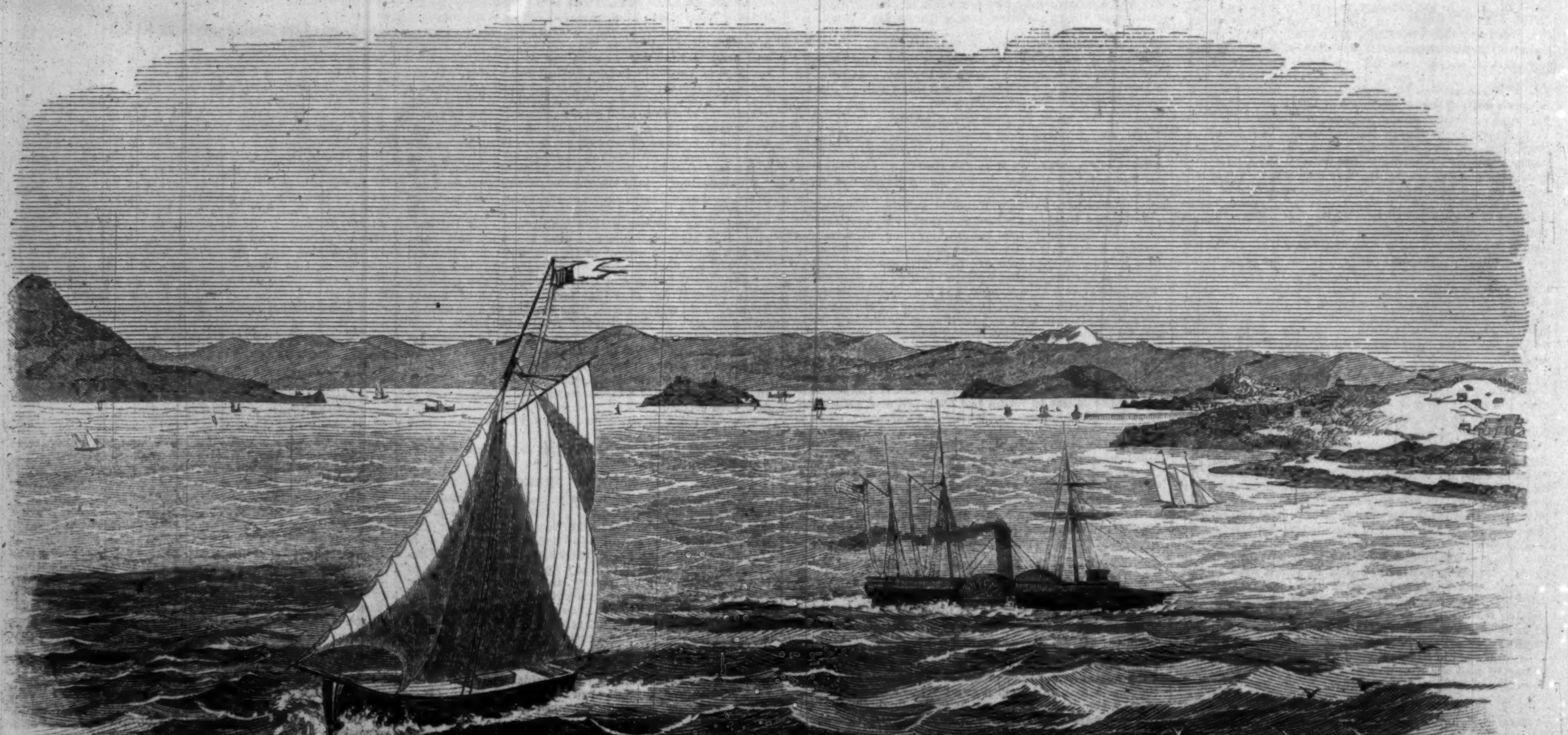
From the larboard side we see the long arm of Punta de los Reyes (or Kings' Point) jutting out into the sea from the main land, like Sandy Hook or the monotonous shores of Cape Cod. Here it has been proposed to erect a light-house, but no appropriation has yet been made by the Department. From this point the coast trends to the southward twenty-seven miles, toward a great indentation, at which the bows of the steamer are directly pointed. Onward we speed, and each minute the rocks and objects on the shore become more distinct. Tamilpais, with his lofty conical peak, rears his great head to the northwest, far above the surrounding ranges. With the glass we may detect faintly-defined lines of fences, extending miles along the country, and here and there some extra-green spot, with a white speck in the centre, showing where some pioneer has located his cottage, and is turning up the sod with his plow.

Almost imperceptibly we draw into the great gap, which now becomes a perfectly-defined opening in the coast, and a report from our six-pounder in the bows announces the approach of the Atlantic news and mail. To our left stands the light-house on Point Bonita, and, beyond, the rock-girt coast of Marin County rises in granite cliffs over the belt of foam that streaks its dark base. Directly ahead comes plunging toward us an outward-bound steamer, hastening out to combat with the rough seas whose company we have just parted. Little fishing-boats, and fruit and vegetable traders, bound to the Bay of Monterey, pilot-boats, and the graceful inward-bound clipper-ship, with her pyramid of canvas, and deep-laden with precious freight—all pursue their course, and evidence to the thinking observer the great foreign and coastwise commerce which has sprung into life since the gold discovery.

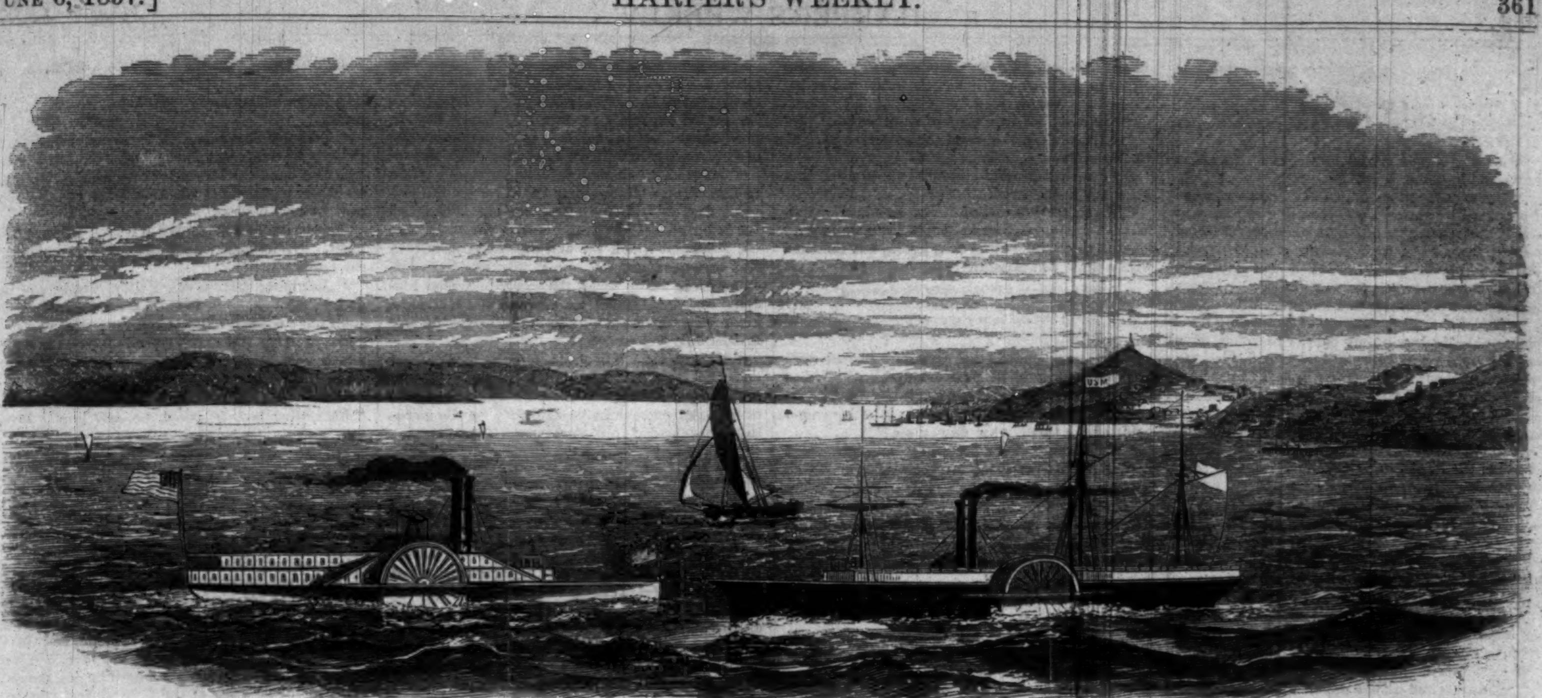
To our right, as we draw farther in, appears the famous arched rock, which, small as it looks in the distance, is of formidable dimensions, and has been visited by innumerable sailing-parties from San Francisco as a remarkable natural curiosity. On the summit above, stands the well-known telegraph station of the marine reporters, Sweeny and Baugh—the pioneers in electric telegraphs on the Pacific coast, since, in 1852, they constructed a line at their own expense, several miles in length, from their station to the old Merchants' Exchange in San Francisco. Below, on a shelf in the precipitous bank, is their fog-bell, which they keep tolling, gratis, for the good of the sea-faring world in general, whenever the fog will not permit the lights to be seen.

We have the flood-tide with us, and we are swiftly passing forests, green prairies, headlands, lights, and points. The grassy heights of Angel Island rise in symmetrical proportions directly ahead, and to its right begins to peep out the white cliffs of Alcatraz (or Bird Island), on which Uncle Sam is erecting some fortifications for the benefit of Columbia's enemies the world over, should they think it advisable to test the strength of the young giant of the West; while, still nearer to us, indicated by a low light-house, and partly hiding Alcatraz from the sight, appears the rocky battlemented Fort Point, where is being constructed a fort of prodigious strength. Here are to be placed some three hundred guns; and as earnests of its future strength, there are already mounted a number of Paixhans and enormous Columbiads, which alone seem capable of defending the entrance to the harbor.

But we have now passed the grim battlements



OFF FORT POINT.



NORTH BEACH AND TELEGRAPH HILL.

of the fort, and are fairly in the harbor. Looking astern, we see the narrow gateway through which we have passed apparently lessening in width between the "Pillars of Hercules;" while beyond and around us begins to open the great bay, in which, almost imperceptibly, we find ourselves surrounded by mountains and rock-bound islands; and we begin to obtain some idea of its vast capacity. Alcatraz has now emerged, with its apparently inaccessible shores, from behind Fort Point, and stands out, like some grim champion of American prowess, in the midst of the bay, frowning at all points, and commanding with its bristling armament every avenue toward the precious mines of the interior. On its summit is placed a Fresnel light of the third order—an infallible guide to the mariner seeking the entrance to the Golden Gate.

But the sight most interesting of all is the distant peak of Telegraph Hill, crowned by the old telegraph station, along the base of which we begin to trace the few scattered houses—the outposts of the wealthy emporium that spreads out over the country beyond. Still nearer, we see the favorite little nook known as "Spring Valley," where school and May-day celebrations are held, and not far from which, if the immigrant will cast his eyes to the westward, he will note the vénerable adobé buildings of the Spanish Presidio, now used, with its modern improvements, as United States barracks.

There, too, is the well-known "Washerwoman's Bay" at the "Laguna"—a rather limited and dirty, but nevertheless very useful puddle, as in it are washed most of the dirty shirts of the adjoining city. The process by which San Francisco's foul linen is renovated would surprise a novice, though familiar throughout Spanish America. The shirt is first soaped until it glistens like a huge poultice. It is then dipped into the pool, taken out, and twisted by two operators having hold of each end, until it resembles, with its coating of yellow soap, a huge bar of molasses candy. It is then *slashed* upon a stone for some time with the full strength of the washerman or woman. Shirts submitted to this process are said to need washing less often than others. Of course, they find their way to the owner innocent of buttons, and fluttering with rags. Some wag has asserted that "Washerwoman's Bay" is paved with shirt-buttons.

Leaving the *lavadoras* to their destructive occupation we turn again to the scenery of the beautiful bay up which we are passing. We are now gliding through a perfectly land-locked and placid expanse of water. This is dotted with vessels of all descriptions, steamboats passing swiftly by toward the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, the route to which is past the southern point of Angel Island, whose lofty summit appears in the extreme left.

The Contra Costa mountains stretch their purpling ridges along the opposite side of the bay, apparently rising from the very shores, but sending out from their base a fertile plain several miles in width, and embracing some of the best land in the State. Far inland, and rearing his majestic head above them, appears the Colossus of the coast range, Monte Diablo, from whose summit, a height of 3770 feet, is obtained the most splendid view in California. Portions of this coast range were once crested with redwood forest, but under the industrious action of the lumberman's axe they have dwindled into mere skeletons of their former luxuriance.

But while we are gazing at the numerous romantic scenes constantly opening to view we are nearing the city, and already the racket of its vehicles, the clangor of bells, and the indescribable noises that denote the proximity of a maritime metropolis begin to be heard. We are off North Beach; and as we head in toward the commercial part of the city, the forest of masts comes into view from around Clarke's Point.

To our right stands the lumber-pier known as Meigg's Wharf, having been built several years since by the great financial operator whose name it bears. This part of the city has been less improved than the southern extremity, toward which business is slowly but surely growing. But as we pass successively the straight and handsomely graded streets leading up from the shore, we observe terraced gardens, elegant private dwellings, and turrets and steeples of buildings as yet hidden by the intervening hills, but giving promise of a scene of wealth and refinement which ill accords with the ideas we have received from the distorted newspaper accounts of San Francisco.

The boats of the marine reporters shoot out from the shore, and, intercepting the steamer, are towed after her until the purser has thrown to them the respective budgets of correspondence and exchanges for the newspapers; then rapidly rowing to the land the packages are delivered to an express rider, who gallops with break-neck speed toward the centre of the city; and long before we have landed, the news from all quarters of the globe is being hawked about the streets by youngsters whose lungs will lose nothing in comparison with those of the newsboys of Atlantic cities. We round Clarke's Point, and again the signal gun peals forth its thunders from the bow, while as the report echoes among the neighboring hills a shoal of Whitehall boats are seen putting off from the wharves ready to transport to the shore such as may not be disposed to await the tardier motions of the steamer in reaching her berth.

And now ensues a riot and bustle baffling description. A fleet of boats environs the steamship like sharks around a whale, and as she now and then revolves her great iron wheels, they scatter here and there, for the engineer is not responsible for the cockle-shells that may heedlessly get under the paddle-boxes. Many scramble on board despite the exertions of the officers, and you are bewildered with proffers to go to this or that hotel. Trunks, bandboxes, carpet-bags, and valises are flying about; children screaming; distracted females holding on to their little broods; anxious heads of families looking out for their property; wide-awake, spectacled old gentlemen seated on their trunks, and indignantly refusing to "come up and look at San Francisco;" waiters transformed suddenly into obsequious courtiers, with the hope of some parting gratuity from over-generous passengers; shouts from the captain; the frequent striking of the signal-bell in the engineer's room to "back her," "go ahead on the starboard wheel," "reverse," etc., etc.; the distracting noise of blowing off the steam from the escape pipe, and the frantic ringing of bells; shouts of the officers; hurrying to and fro of men with great wet ropes and coils of hawsers; these, added to the really exciting nature of the occasion to one who is about to set foot for the first time on the Pacific coast of the United States, form a scene which is not easily effaced from the mind.

As we haul in to the wharf we take a parting look at the noble bay up which we have steamed, and, looking to the southward, find it extending an inland sea far toward the agricultural region of San José and Santa Clara—a blue horizon of water, with the distant mountains rising like shadows in the background. Opposite we see the picturesque island of Yerba Buena, apparently rising like a great whale (which from some points of view it resembles) out of the calm surface of the water. Beyond is the opening of the San Antonio inlet, or arm of the bay, upon which is situated the rural town of Oakland, where many merchants of San Francisco are locating residences and country-seats.

Before us rises the commercial dépôt of California. Its blocks of marble, stone, and brick stores; its spacious warehouses, solid as the flinty cliffs from which they have been constructed; the substantial churches and public edifices; and the residences which, even from our aquatic point of observation, wear that peculiar air of comfort which we associate with the name of *home*. The evidences of taste and refinement every where displayed show we have arrived at a great focus of American progress and wealth. The fleet of sea-going ships, the inland trading-vessels, the innumerable ferry-boats, steamboats for the interior, market and fishing-boats, loading or discharging their freights at the wharves, the docks, and ship-yards, where the number of all these is constantly being augmented, and the unceasing stir and business activity in every direction, indicate the healthy commercial prosperity of San Francisco.

We have but a moment to look. Rapidly the steamer is hauled into her berth. The nearer buildings shut out the view beyond; hawsers are made fast; the ship touches the wharf; the gangway plank is placed; the stream of humanity pours on shore, and we are in San Francisco.

A GHOST OR NO GHOST?

WE were seated round our pleasant fireside one night last winter, talking of the heavy falls of snow, and speculating on a sleigh ride up the Hudson as far as Poughkeepsie, until the eyes of my young brothers and sisters gleamed with anticipated delight.

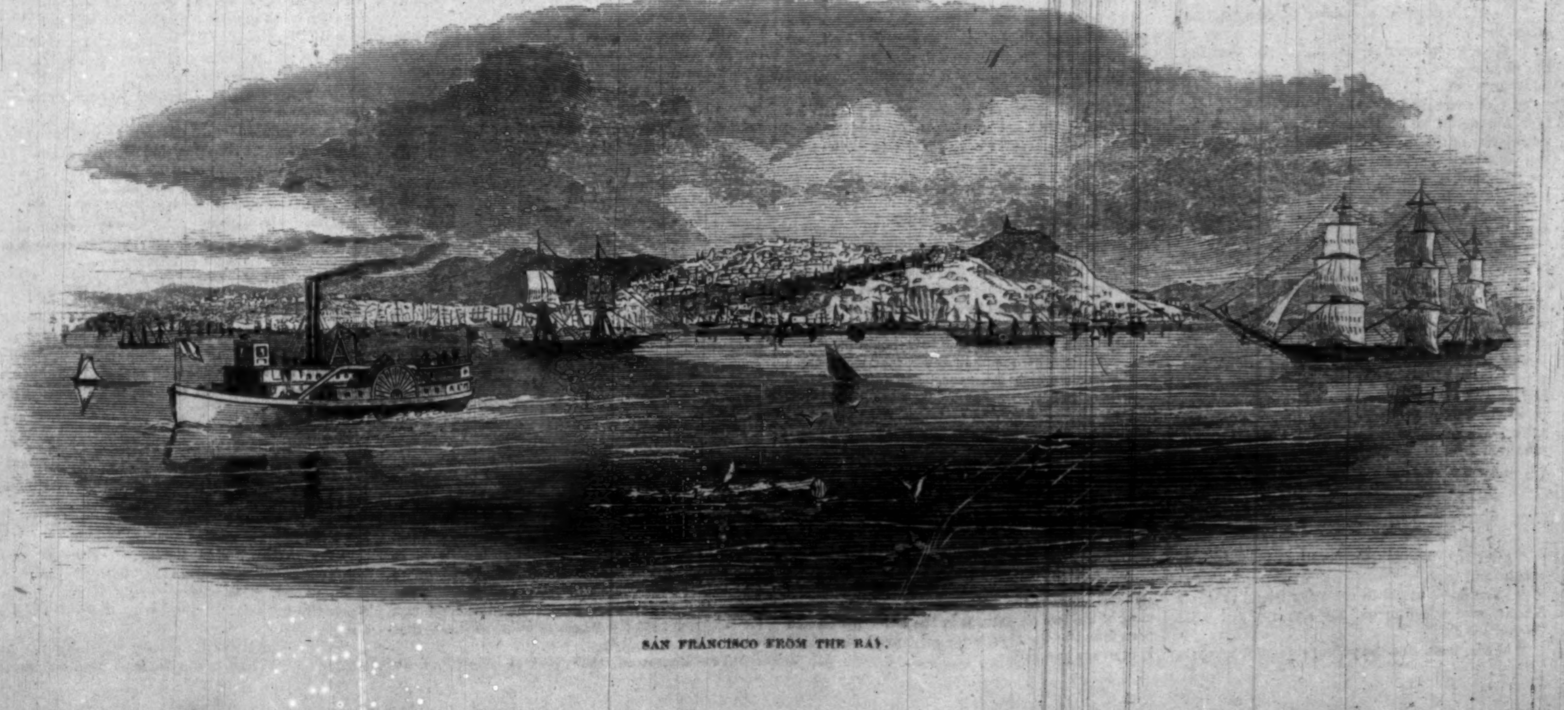
Our uncle Otis occupied, as usual, his big arm-chair, gazing through his large spectacles upon the pleasant family group that surrounded him with that benignant air which old bachelors assume when, having no family of their own, they adopt those of others.

"Uncle Otis," cried Fred, "you have traveled ever so much. Won't you tell us a nice ghost story? Do, uncle!" And the young scamp laid his curly, fourteen-year-old head on the old man's shoulder.

My uncle frowned a little and looked round, as much as to say, "Who has been putting those foolish ideas into the children's heads?" I endeavored to look as if I wasn't guilty, but I fear much that I had to answer for several sins of narration, possessing as I did a large repertory of such lore.

"It is only fools and cowards that believe in ghosts," said uncle Otis, in a severe tone.

We all kept silence, but after a moment's re-



SAN FRANCISCO FROM THE BAY.

flection he seemed to forget his anger, and said, softly,

"You wish for a ghost story? Well, you shall have one. It happened to myself, so you can not doubt its truth."

We all gathered round him—Fred closer than any—and he commenced.

"One evening in autumn, forty years ago, when I was hardly twenty, I was traveling in France in one of those heavy vehicles in which we traveled post in those days, when passing close to a small town—Sainte Gabelle, I think it was called—a furious storm overtook us, and one of the horses was struck by lightning and instantly killed.

"There was no possibility of proceeding; so, philosophically leaving my courier to follow with my baggage, I quietly walked to a road-side inn, which was about a quarter of a mile distant. The place seemed filled with company as I entered—some Spanish merchants, young sportsmen overtaken by the storm, with a few persons whose trade or occupation was not discernible. We all crowded round the huge fire to dry ourselves, and in a short time after, supper was announced.

"This unlocked every tongue, and conversation—before conducted in monosyllables—became general. Each related the perils he had passed through. One had been flung from his horse; another's carriage had been upset. At last some one cried,

"'The devil must be abroad to-night! It's a regular witches' sabbath!'

"This remark was commonplace enough, but it gave birth to a singular rejoinder:

"'Sorcerers and ghosts prefer a fine moonlight night to a stormy one like this.'

"We all looked at the speaker. It was one of the Spanish merchants. His race was easily known by his dress and figure; breeches open at the knee, gaiters laced with thongs of leather, red cloak picturesquely hanging from the shoulders, and an air of proud poverty painted on his brown face, round which hung long black, curling hair. No one seemed inclined to contradict this observation, made as it was in a grave, severe voice, until a young man who sat next to me burst into a fit of laughter, and said,

"'You appear, Sir, to know the habits of ghosts. Have they told you that they do not like to get wet in their feet?'

"He had scarcely finished speaking, when the Spaniard cast on him a ferocious glance, saying,

"'Young man, you must not speak so lightly of things you know nothing about.'

"'Do you mean to pretend to persuade me to believe in ghosts?' answered the young man, contemptuously.

"'Perhaps,' replied the Spaniard, 'if you had the courage to make the trial.'

"My neighbor bounded angrily from his seat; but he composed himself instantly, saying, calmly,

"'You would have to pay dearly for this impertinence if it was not that of a fool.'

"'That of a fool!' cried the Spaniard, leaping to his feet. 'Well,' he added, bringing his fist down on the table, and flinging thereon a large leathern purse, 'see! here are five thousand francs, which I am content to lose, if, in one hour from this time, I do not show you the ghost of any of your deceased friends that you choose to name, no matter how long he may be dead; and if, after having recognized him, you have the courage to permit him to lay his lips against yours.'

"The Spaniard had such a terrible air as he said this, that we all started. My neighbor alone preserved his disdainful and mocking smile.

"'You will do that, will you?' he answered.

"'Yes; and I will stake these five thousand francs on the event, if you will wager a like sum. If I fail, I lose; if you are vanquished, I win.'

"The young man remained silent for a moment, then he said, gayly,

"'Five thousand francs, most worthy magician, is more than a poor student ever possesses. But if you will make the bet a hundred francs, I am your man.'

"The Spaniard took back his purse in silence; then he said, in a contemptuous tone,

"'Ah! you back out, my little braggadocio!'

"'I back out!' cried my neighbor. 'Ah! if I had the five thousand francs you would see whether I would back out or not!'

"I could not resist a sudden temptation that seized me.

"'Here's a quarter of the bet,' I cried, putting the money on the table. 'I will go shares with you, young man.'

"I had scarcely done this, when five or six persons round the table, attracted as I was by the singularity of the challenge, offered to take shares; and in a very few moments the sum required by the Spaniard was made up. This last seemed so sure of his taunt, that he gave the money of the bet to the young student, and began to make his preparations for the trial.

"The place chosen was a small, isolated pavilion in the garden, built in such a manner as not to admit of any jugglery. We inspected it, assured ourselves that there was no egress save through a tightly-closed window and a tightly-closed door, at which last we all remained after we had left the young man in the pavilion. Mean time we had placed upon the table all necessary writing materials, and carried away all the lights. We were intensely interested in the whole affair, and maintained a profound silence; while the Spaniard, who remained in our midst, sung, or rather chanted, in a sweet and sad voice, the following words:

"'The sepulchre opens wide,
The coffin-lid falls away;
Behold by the black grave's side
The phantom, grim and gray!'

"After this first couplet, he lifted his voice solemnly and said,

"'You have asked to see your friend François Vialat, who was drowned three years ago! what do you see?'

"'I see,' answered the young student from within the pavilion, 'a pale, white light that rises inside the window, but it has no form, and is nothing but a vague cloud.'

"We remained in a state of stupefaction.

"'Are you afraid?' cried the powerful voice of the Spaniard.

"'I am not afraid,' answered the student in a voice not less assured.

"We scarcely breathed. The Spaniard was silent for a moment, then he struck the ground with his foot three times; and sang again, but this time with a deep, commanding tone,

"'Phantom gray in the wide sea drowned,
Wan of cheek and hollow of eye,
Wrap thyself in thy shroud around,
And hither come at thy master's cry.'

"The song ended, the Spaniard turned once more to the door of the pavilion, and, with a voice still more solemn than before, cried,

"'You who have desired to sound the deep mysteries of the tomb, what do you see?'

"We listened with breathless anxiety. The student replied in the calm voice of a man who watches with curiosity the details of some physical phenomenon.

"'I see the vapor elongate itself and take the shape of a phantom. This phantom has its head covered with a long vail. It remains in the place in which I first saw it.'

"'Are you afraid?' said the Spaniard, insultingly.

"Proudly and bravely the young man answered,

"'I am not afraid!'

"We scarce dared look at each other, so great was our astonishment and so much were we occupied with the wild motions of the Spaniard, who tossed his arms over his head, and invoked three times a name sinful to utter, after which he sang the third verse of his demoniac song, in a shrill, reverberant voice:

"'The phantom is come; the ghost is here,
He says "I hear my dear friend call,
He loves too well to feel a fear
When I lift my vail and cast my pall."

"The Spaniard, as soon as he had finished, repeated his diabolical question,

"'What do you see?'

"'I see,' answered the student, 'the spectre advancing. He lifts his veil—it is François Vialat—he approaches the table—he writes—it is his signature.'

"'Are you afraid,' cried the Spaniard with a sort of hoarse fury.

"There was a moment of awful silence. Then the young man replied in a calm and equable tone,

"'No, I am not afraid.'

"Then the Spaniard, as if attacked with an epileptic fit, leaped and shivered in a sort of frensy, and sang in a hoarse, guttural voice, the last infernal stanza:

"'The phantom says to the braggart boy,
"I come to thee from the grave-yard cold;
I clasp thy neck with a shuddering joy,
My lips to thine forever I'll hold."

"'What do you see?' cried the Spaniard, in a voice of thunder.'

"'He comes—nearer—nearer!—he pursues me. He opens his arms—he embraces me—help!—help! Oh! help! I say!'

"'Are you afraid?' cried the Spaniard with a sort of ferocious joy.

"A piercing cry, then a stifled groan were the only replies to this terrible question.

"'Assist this young braggart,' said the Spaniard to us, in a bitter voice. 'I have won the bet, but it is enough to have given him a lesson. Let him keep the money, and be wiser in future.'

"Having said this he walked rapidly away. We were stupefied. We opened the door and found the student in horrible convulsions. A paper signed with the name of François Vialat lay on the table. The moment the young man recovered his senses, he demanded where was the magician, the infamous magician who had been the cause of such horrible profanation. He wished to kill him. He ran to the tavern to seek him—he rushed like a madman out into the night to discover him, and we saw him no more. That is my story, boys."

In the dead silence that prevailed—so much were we impressed with the story—I was the only one who had the courage to say,

"And after all that, how is it that you don't believe in ghosts?"

"Because," answered my uncle, "neither the young man nor the magician ever came back, nor with them the five thousand francs that myself and my fellow-travelers had contributed toward the bet. Those two rascals had robbed us, after having played under our noses a comedy the price of which I shall not consider too dear if it convinces you that it is only fools who believe in ghosts."

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD. UNCLE JOSEPH.

The day and the night had passed, and the new morning had come, before the husband and wife could trust themselves to speak calmly of the Secret, and to face resignedly the duties and the sacrifices which the discovery of it imposed on them.

Leonard's first question referred to those lines in the letter which Rosamond had informed him were in a handwriting that she knew. Finding that he was at a loss to understand what means she could have of forming an opinion on this point, she explained that, after Captain Treverton's death, many letters had naturally fallen into her possession which had been written by Mrs. Treverton to her husband. They treated of ordinary domestic subjects, and she had read them often enough to become thoroughly acquainted with the peculiarities of Mrs. Treverton's handwriting. It was remarkably large, firm, and masculine in character; and the address, the line under it, and the uppermost of the two signatures in the letter which had been found in the Myrtle Room, exactly resembled it in every particular.

The next question related to the body of the letter. The writing of this, of the second signature ("Sarah Leeson"), and of the additional lines on the third page, also signed by Sarah Leeson, proclaimed itself in each case to be the production of the same person. While stating that fact to her husband, Rosamond did not forget to explain to him that, while reading the letter on the previous day, her strength and courage had failed her before she got to the end of it. She added that the postscript which she had thus omitted to read was of importance, because it mentioned the circumstances under which the secret had been hidden; and begged that he would listen while she made him acquainted with its contents without any further delay.

Sitting as close to his side, now, as if they were enjoying their first honeymoon-days over again, she read these last lines—the lines which her mother had written sixteen years before, on the morning when she fled from Porthgenna Tower.

"If this paper should ever be found (which I pray with my whole heart it never may be), I wish to state that I have come to the resolution of hiding it, because I dare not show the writing that it contains to my master, to whom it is addressed. In doing what I now propose to do, though I am acting against my mistress's last wishes, I am not breaking the solemn engagement which she obliged me to make before her on her death-bed. That engagement forbids me to destroy this letter, or to take it away with me if I leave the house. I shall do neither—my purpose is to conceal it in the place, of all others, where I think there is least chance of its ever being found again. Any hardship or misfortune which may follow as a consequence of this deceitful proceeding on my part, will fall on myself. Others, I believe, on my conscience, will be the happier for the hiding of the dreadful secret which this letter contains."

"There can be no doubt now," said Leonard, when his wife had read to the end; "Mrs. Jazeph, Sarah Leeson, and the servant who disappeared from Porthgenna Tower, are one and the same person."

"Poor creature!" said Rosamond, sighing as she put down the letter. "We know now why she warned me so anxiously not to go into the Myrtle Room. Who can say what she must have suffered when she came as a stranger to my bedside? Oh, what would I not give if I had been less hasty with her! It is dreadful to remember that I spoke to her as a servant whom I expected to obey me; it is worse still to feel that I can not, even now, think of her as a child should think of a mother. How can I ever tell her that I know the secret? how—" She paused, with a heart-sick consciousness of the slur that was cast on her birth; she paused, shrinking as she thought of the name that her husband had given to her, and of her own parentage, which the laws of society disdained to recognize.

"Why do you stop?" asked Leonard.

"I was afraid—" she began, and paused again.

"Afraid," he said, finishing the sentence for her, "that words of pity for that unhappy woman might wound my sensitive pride, by reminding me of the circumstances of your birth? Rosamond, I should be unworthy of your matchless truthfulness toward me if I, on my side, did not acknowledge that this discovery *has* wounded me as only a proud man can be wounded. My pride has been born and bred in me. My pride, even while I am now speaking to you, takes advantage of my first moments of composure, and deludes me into doubting, in the face of all probability, whether the words you have read to me, can, after all, be words of truth. But, strong as that inborn and inbred feeling is—hard as it may be for me to discipline and master it as I ought, and must, and will—there is another feeling in my heart that is stronger yet." He felt for her hand, and took it in his; then added: "From the hour when you first devoted your life to your blind husband—from the hour when you won all his gratitude, as you had already won all his love, you took a place in his heart, Rosamond, from which nothing, not even such a shock as has now assailed us, can move you! High as I have always held the worth of rank in my estimation, I have learned, even before the event of yesterday, to hold the worth of my wife, let her parentage be what it may, higher still."

"Oh, Lenny, Lenny, I can't hear you praise me, if you talk in the same breath as if I had made a sacrifice in marrying you! But for my blind husband I might never have deserved what you have just said of me. When I first read that fearful letter, I had one moment of vile, ungrateful doubt if your love for me would hold out against the discovery of the secret. I had one moment of horrible temptation that drew me away from you when I ought to have put the letter into your hand. It was the sight of you, waiting for me to speak again, so innocent of all knowledge of what had happened close by you, that brought me back to my senses, and told me what I ought to do. It was the sight of my blind husband that made me conquer the temptation to destroy that letter in the first hour of discovering it. Oh, if I had been the hardest-hearted of women, could I have ever taken your hand again; could I kiss you; could I lie down by your side, and hear you fall asleep, night after night, feeling that I had abused your blind dependence on me to serve my own selfish interests? knowing that I had only succeeded in my deceit because your affliction made you incapable of suspecting deception? No, no; I can hardly believe that the basest of women could be guilty of such baseness as that; and I can claim nothing more for myself than the credit of having been true to my trust. You said yesterday, love, in the Myrtle Room, that the one faithful friend to you in your blindness who never failed, was your wife. It is reward enough and consolation enough for me, now that the worst is over, to know that you can say so still."

"Yes, Rosamond, the worst is over; but we must not forget that there may be hard trials still to meet."

"Hard trials, love? To what trials do you refer?"

"Perhaps, Rosamond, I overrate the courage that the sacrifice demands; but to *me*, at least, it will be a hard sacrifice of my own feelings to make strangers partakers in the knowledge of the secret that we now possess."

Rosamond looked at her husband in astonishment. "Why need we tell the secret to any one?" she asked.

"Assuming that we can satisfy ourselves of the genuineness of that letter," he answered, "we shall have no choice but to tell the secret to strangers. You can not forget the circumstances under which your father—under which Captain Treverton—"

"Call him my father," said Rosamond, sadly. "Remember how he loved me, and how I loved him, and say 'my father' still."

"I am afraid I must say 'Captain Treverton' now," returned Leonard, "or I shall hardly be able to explain simply and plainly what it is very necessary that you should know. Captain Treverton died without leaving a will. His only property was the purchase-money of this house and estate; and you inherited it as his next of kin—"

Rosamond started back in her chair and clasped her hands in dismay. "Oh, Lenny," she said, simply. "I have thought so much of *you*, since I found the letter, that I never remembered this!"

"It is time to remember it, my love. If you are not Captain Treverton's daughter you have no right to one farthing of the fortune that you possess; and it must be restored at once to the person who *is* Captain Treverton's next of kin, or, in other words, to his brother."

"To that man!" exclaimed Rosamond. "To that man who is a stranger to us, who holds our very name in contempt! Are we to be made poor that he may be made rich?—"

"We are to do what is honorable and just, at any sacrifice of our own interests and ourselves," said Leonard, firmly. "I believe, Rosamond, that my consent, as your husband, is necessary, according to the law, to effect this restitution. If Mr. Andrew Treverton was the bitterest enemy I had on earth, and if the restoring of this money utterly ruined us both in our worldly circumstances, I would give it back of my own accord to the last farthing; I would give it back without an instant's hesitation—and so would you!"

The blood mantled in his cheeks as he spoke. Rosamond looked at him admiringly in silence. "Who would have him less proud," she thought, fondly, "when his pride speaks in such words as those!"

"You understand now," continued Leonard, "that we have duties to perform which will oblige us to seek help from others, and which will therefore render it impossible to keep the secret to ourselves? If we search all England for her, Sarah Leeson must be found. Our future actions depend upon her answers to our inquiries, upon her testimony to the genuineness of that letter. Although I am resolved beforehand to shield myself behind no technical quibbles and delays—although I want nothing but evidence that is morally conclusive, however legally imperfect it may be—it is still impossible to proceed without seeking advice immediately. The lawyer who always managed Captain Treverton's affairs, and who now manages ours, is the proper person to direct us in instituting the search; and to assist us, if necessary, in making the restitution."

"How quietly and firmly you speak of it, Lenny! Will not the abandoning of my fortune be a dreadful loss to us?"

"We must think of it as a gain to our consciences, Rosamond; and must alter our way of life resignedly to suit our altered means. But we need speak no more of that until we are assured of the necessity of restoring the money. My immediate anxiety, and your immediate anxiety, must turn now on the discovery of Sarah Leeson—no! on the discovery of your mother; I must learn to call her by that name, or I should not learn to pity and forgive her."

Rosamond nestled closer to her husband's side. "Every word you say, love, does my heart good," she whispered, laying her head on his shoulder. "You will help me and strengthen me when the time comes to meet my mother as I ought? Oh, how pale and worn and weary she was when she stood by my bedside, and looked at me and my child! Will it be long before we find her? Is she far away from us, I wonder? or nearer, much nearer, than we think?"

Before Leonard could answer, he was interrupted by a knock at the door, and Rosamond was surprised by the appearance of the maid-servant. Betsey was flushed, excited, and out of breath; but she contrived to deliver intelligibly a brief message from Mr. Munder, the steward, requesting permission to speak to Mr. Frankland or to Mrs. Frankland on business of importance.

"What is it? What does he want?" asked Rosamond.

"I think, ma'am, he wants to know whether he had better send for the constable or not," answered Betsey.

"Send for the constable!" repeated Rosamond. "Are there thieves in the house in broad daylight?"

"Mr. Munder says he don't know but what it may be worse than thieves," replied Betsey. "It's the foreigner, again, if you please, ma'am. He come up and rung at the door as bold as brass, and asked if he could see Mrs. Frankland."

"The foreigner!" exclaimed Rosamond, laying her hand eagerly on her husband's arm.

"Yes, ma'am," said Betsey. "Him as come here to go over the house along with the lady—"

Rosamond, with characteristic impulsiveness, started to her feet. "Let me go down!" she began.

"Wait," interposed Leonard, catching her by the hand. "There is not the least need for you to go down stairs. Show the foreigner up here," he continued, addressing himself to Betsey, "and tell Mr. Munder that we will take the management of this business into our own hands."

Rosamond sat down again by her husband's side. "This is a very strange accident," she said, in a low, serious tone. "It must be something more than mere chance that puts the clew into our hands at the moment when we least expected to find it."

The door opened for the second time, and there appeared, modestly, on the threshold, a little old man, with rosy cheeks and long white hair. A small leather case was slung by a strap at his side, and the stem of a pipe peeped out of the breast-pocket of his coat. He advanced one step into the room, stopped, raised both his hands with his felt hat crumpled up in them to his heart, and made five fantastic bows in quick succession—two to Mrs. Frankland, two to her husband, and one to Mrs. Frankland again, as an act of separate and special homage to the lady. Never had Rosamond seen a more complete embodiment in human form of perfect innocence and perfect harmlessness, than the foreigner who was described in the housekeeper's letter as an audacious vagabond, and who was dreaded by Mr. Munder as something worse than a thief!

"Madam, and good Sir," said the old man, advancing a little nearer at Mrs. Frankland's invitation, "I ask your pardon for intruding myself. My name is Joseph Buschmann. I live in the town of Truro, where I work in cabinets and tea-caddies, and other shining woods. I am also, if you please, the same little foreign man who was scolded by the big major-domo when I came to see the house. All that I ask of your kindness is, that you will let me say for my errand here and for myself—and for another person who is very near to my love—one little word. I will be but few minutes, madam and good Sir, and then I will go my ways again, with my best wishes and my best thanks."

"Pray consider, Mr. Buschmann, that our time is your time," said Leonard. "We have no engagement whatever which need oblige you to shorten your visit. I must tell you beforehand, in order to prevent any embarrassment on either side, that I have the misfortune to be blind. I can promise you, however, my best attention as far as listening goes. Rosamond, is Mr. Buschmann seated?"

Mr. Buschmann was still standing near the door, and was expressing sympathy by bowing to Mr. Frankland again, and crumpling his felt hat once more over his heart.

"Pray come nearer, and sit down," said Rosamond. "And don't imagine for one moment that any opinion of the steward's has the least influence on us, or that we feel it at all necessary for you to apologize for what took place the last time you came to this house. We have an interest—a very great interest," she added, with her usual hearty frankness, "in hearing any thing that you have to tell us. You are the person of all others whom we are, just at this time—" She stopped, feeling her foot touched by her husband's, and rightly interpreting the action as a warning not to speak too unrestrainedly to the visitor before he had explained his object in coming to the house.

Looking very much pleased, and a little surprised also, when he heard Rosamond's last words, Uncle Joseph drew a chair near to the table by which Mr. and Mrs. Frankland were sitting, crumpled his felt hat up smaller than ever and put it in one of his side-pockets, drew from the other a little packet of letters, placed them on his knees as he sat down, patted them gently with both hands, and entered on his explanation in these terms:

"Madam, and good Sir," he began, "before I can say comfortably my little word, I must, with your leave, travel backward to the last time when I came to this house in company with my niece."

"Your niece!" exclaimed Rosamond and Leonard, both speaking together.

"My niece, Sarah," said Uncle Joseph, "the only child of my sister Agatha. It is for the love of Sarah, if you please, that I am here now. She is the one last morsel of my flesh and blood that is left to me in the world. The rest, they are all gone! My wife, my little Joseph, my brother Max, my sister Agatha, and the husband she married, the good and noble Englishman, Leeson—they are all, all gone!"

"Leeson," said Rosamond, pressing her husband's hand significantly under the table. "Your niece's name is Sarah Leeson?"

Uncle Joseph sighed and shook his head. "One day," he said, "of all the days in the year the evilmost for Sarah, she changed that name. Of the man she married—who is dead now, madam—it is little or nothing that I know but this: His name was Jazeph, and he used her ill, for which I think him the First Scoundrel. Yes," exclaimed Uncle Joseph, with the nearest approach to anger and bitterness which his nature was capable of making, and with an idea that he was using one of the strongest superlatives in the language—"Yes! if he was to come to life again at this very moment of time, I would say it of him to his face: Englishman Jazeph, you are the First Scoundrel!"

Rosamond pressed her husband's hand for the second time. If their own convictions had not already identified Mrs. Jazeph with Sarah Leeson, the old man's last words must have amply sufficed to assure them that both names had been borne by the same person.

"Well, then, I shall now travel backward to the time when I was here with Sarah, my niece," resumed Uncle Joseph. "I must, if you please, speak the truth in this business, or, now that I am already backward where I want to be, I shall stick fast in my place, and get on no more for the rest of my life. Sir and good madam, will you have the great kindness to forgive me and Sarah, my niece, if I confess that it was not to see the house that we came here, and rang at the bell, and gave deal of trouble, and wasted much breath of the big major-domo's with the scolding that we got. It was only to do one curious little thing that we came together to this place—or, no, it was all about a secret of Sarah's, which is still as black and dark to me as the middle of the blackest and darkest night that ever was in the world—and, as I nothing knew about it, except that there was no harm in it to any body or any thing, and that Sarah was determined to go, and that I could not let her go by herself: as also for the good reason that she told me she had the best right of any body to take the letter and to hide it again, seeing that she was afraid of its being found if longer in that room she left it, which was the room where she had hidden it before—Why, so it happened, that I—no, that she—no, no, that I—Ach Gott!" cried Uncle Joseph, striking his forehead in despair, and relieving himself by an invocation in his own language. "I am lost in my own muddlement; and whereabouts the right place is, and how I am to get myself back into it, as I am a living sinner is more than I know!"

"There is not the least need to go back on our account," said Rosamond, forgetting all caution and self-restraint in her anxiety to restore the old man's confidence and composure. "Pray don't try to repeat your explanations. We know already—"

"We will suppose," said Leonard, interposing abruptly before his wife could add another word, "that we know already every thing you can desire to tell us in relation to your niece's secret, and to your motives for desiring to see the house."

"You will suppose that!" exclaimed Uncle Joseph, looking greatly relieved. "Ah! I thank you, Sir, and you, good madam, a thousand times, for helping me out of my own muddlement with a 'Suppose.' I am all over confusion from my tops to my toes; but I can go on now, I think, and lose myself no more. So! Let us say it in this way: I and Sarah, my niece, are *in* the house—that is the first 'Suppose.' I and Sarah, my niece, are *out* of the house—that is the second 'Suppose.' Good! now we go on once more. On my way back to my own home at Truro, I am frightened for Sarah, because of the faint she fell into on your stairs here, and because of a look in her face that it makes me heavy at my heart to see. Also, I am sorry for her sake, because she has not done that one curious little thing which she came into the house to do. I fret about these same matters, but I console myself too; and my comfort is that Sarah will stop with me in my house at Truro, and that I shall make her happy and well again, as soon as we are settled in our life together. Judge then, Sir, what a blow falls on me, when I hear that she will not make her home where I make mine. Judge you also, good madam, what my surprise must be, when I ask for her reason, and she tells me she must leave Uncle Joseph because she is afraid of being found out by you." He stopped, and, looking anxiously at Rosamond's face, saw it sadden and turn away from him, after he had spoken his last words. "Are you sorry, madam, for Sarah, my niece? do you pity her?" he asked, with a little hesitation and trembling in his voice.

"I pity her with my whole heart," said Rosamond, warmly.

"And with my whole heart for that pity I thank you!" rejoined Uncle Joseph. "Ah! madam, your kindness gives me the courage to go on, and to tell you that we parted from each other on the day of our getting back to Truro! When she came to see me this time, years and years, long and lonely, and very many, had passed, and we two had never met. I had the fear that many more would pass again, and I tried to make her stop with me to the very last. But she had still the same fear to drive her away—the fear of being found and put to the question by you. So, with the tears in her eyes (and in mine), and the grief at her heart (and at mine), she went away to hide herself in the empty bigness of the great city, London, which swallows up all people and all things that pour into it, and which has now swallowed up Sarah, my niece, with the rest. 'My child, you will write sometimes to Uncle Joseph?' I said, and she answered me, 'I will write often.' It is three weeks now since that time, and here, on my knee, are four letters she has written to me. I shall ask your leave to put them down open before you, because they will help me to get on farther yet with what I must say, and because I see in your face, madam, that you are indeed sorry for Sarah, my niece, from your heart."

He untied the packet of letters, opened them, kissed them one by one, and put them down in a row on the table, smoothing them out carefully with his hand, and taking great pains to arrange them all in a perfectly straight line. A glance at the first of the little series showed Rosamond that the handwriting in it was the same as the handwriting in the body of the letter which had been found in the Myrtle Room.

"There is not much to read," said Uncle Joseph. "But if you will look through them first, madam, I can tell you after, all the reason for showing them that I have."

The old man was right. There was very little to read in the letters, and they grew progressively shorter as they became more recent in date. All four were written in the formal, conventionally correct style of a person taking up the pen with a fear of making mistakes in spelling and grammar, and were equally destitute of any personal particulars relative to the writer; all four anxiously entreated that Uncle Joseph would not be uneasy, inquired after his health, and expressed gratitude and love for him as warmly as their timid restraints of style would permit; all four contained these two questions relating to Rosamond: First, had Mrs. Frankland arrived yet at Porthgenna Tower? Secondly, if she had arrived, what had Uncle Joseph heard about her? And, finally, all four gave the same instructions for addressing an answer:—"Please direct to me, 'S. J., Post Office, Smith Street, London,'"—followed by the same apology, "Excuse my not giving my address, in case of accidents, for even in London I am still afraid of being followed and found out. I send every morning for letters; so I am sure to get your answer."

"I told you, madam," said the old man, when Rosamond raised her head from the letters, "that I was frightened and sorry for Sarah when she left me. Now see, if you please, why I get more frightened and more sorry yet when I have all the four letters that she writes to me. They begin here, with the first, at my left hand; and they grow shorter, and shorter, and shorter, as they get nearer to my right, till the last is but eight little lines. Again, see, if you please. The writing of the first letter, here, at my left hand, is very fine—I mean it is very fine to me, because I love Sarah, and because I write very badly myself—but it is not so good in the second letter; it shakes a little, it blots a little, it crooks itself a little, in the last lines. In the third it is worse—more shake, more blot, more crook. In the fourth, where there is least to do, there is still more shake, still more blot, still more crook, than in all the other three put together. I see this; I remember that she was weak, and worn, and weary, when she left me, and I say to myself, She is ill, though she will not tell it, for the writing betrays her!"

Rosamond looked down again at the letters, and followed the significant changes for the worse in the handwriting, line by line, as the old man pointed them out.

"I say to myself that," he continued, "I wait, and think a little; and I hear my own heart whisper to me, Go you, Uncle Joseph, to London, and, while there is yet time, bring her back to be cured, and comforted, and made happy in your own home! After that I wait, and think a little again—not about leaving my business; I would leave it forever sooner than Sarah should come to harm—but about what I am to do to get her to come back. That thought makes me look at the letters again; the letters shew me always the same questions about Mistress Frankland; I see it plainly as my own hand before me, that I shall never get Sarah, my niece, back, unless I can make easy her mind about those questions of Mistress Frankland's that she dreads as if there was death to her in every one of them. I see it! it makes my pipe go out; it drives me up from my chair; it puts my hat on my head; it brings me here, where I have once intruded myself already, and where I have no right, I know, to intrude myself again; it makes me beg and pray now, of your compassion for my niece, and of your goodness for me, that you will not deny me the means of bringing Sarah back. If I may only say to her, I have seen Mistress Frankland, and she has told me with her own lips that she will ask none of those questions that you fear so much—if I may only say that, Sarah will come back with me, and I shall thank you every day of my life for making me a happy man!"

The simple eloquence of the old man's words, the innocent earnestness of his manner, touched Rosamond to the heart. "I will do any thing, I will promise any thing," she answered, eagerly, "to help you to bring her back! If she will only let me see her, I promise not to say one word that she would not wish me to say; I promise not to ask one question—no, not one—that it will pain her to answer. Oh, what comforting message can I send her besides! what can I say—" she stopped confusedly, feeling her husband's foot touching hers again.

"Ah, say no more! say no more!" cried Uncle Joseph, tying up his little packet of letters, with his eyes sparkling and his ruddy face all in a glow. "Enough said to bring Sarah back! enough said to make me grateful for all my life! Oh, I am so happy, so happy, so happy, my skin is too small to hold me!" He tossed up the packet of letters into the air, caught it, kissed it, and put it back again in his pocket, all in an instant.

"You are not going?" said Rosamond. "Surely you are not going yet?"

"It is my loss to go away from here, which I must put up with, because it is also my gain to get sooner to Sarah," said Uncle Joseph. "For that reason only I shall ask your pardon if I take my leave, with my heart full of thanks, and go my ways home again."

"When do you propose to start for London, Mr. Buschmann?" inquired Leonard.

"To-morrow, in the morning, early, Sir," replied Uncle Joseph. "I shall finish the work that I must do to-night, and shall leave the rest to Samuel, my man, and shall then go to Sarah by the first coach."

"May I ask for your niece's address in London, in case we wish to write to you?"

"She gives me no address, Sir, but the post-office; for, even at the great distance of London, the same fear that she had all the way from this house still sticks to her. But here is the place where I shall get my own bed," continued the old man, producing a small shop card. "It is the house of a countryman of my own, a fine baker of buns, Sir, and a very good man indeed."

"Have you thought of any plan for finding out your niece's address?" inquired Rosamond, copying the direction on the card while she spoke.

"Ah! yes, for I am always quick at making my plans," said Uncle Joseph. "I shall present myself to the master of the post, and to him I shall say just this and no more: 'Good-morning, Sir. I am the man who writes the letters to S. J. She is my niece, if you please; and all that I want to know is, Where does she live?' There is something like a plan, I think. Aha!" He spread out both his hands interrogatively, and looked at Mrs. Frankland with a self-satisfied smile.

"I am afraid," said Rosamond, partly amused, partly touched by his simplicity, "that the people at the post-office are not at all likely to be trusted with the address. I think you would do better to take a letter with you, directed to 'S. J.;' to deliver it in the morning when letters are received from the country; to wait near the door, and then to follow the person who is sent by your niece (as she tells you herself) to ask for letters for S. J."

"You think that is better?" said Uncle Joseph, secretly convinced that his own idea was unquestionably the most ingenious of the two. "Good! The least little word that you say to me, madam, is a command that I follow with all my heart." He took the crumpled felt hat out of his pocket, and advanced to say farewell, when Mr. Frankland spoke to him again.

"If you find your niece well and willing to travel," said Leonard, "you will bring her back to Truro at once? And you will let us know when you are both at home again?"

"At once, Sir," said Uncle Joseph. "To both these questions, I say at once."

"If a week from this time passes," continued Leonard, "and we hear nothing from you, we must conclude, then, either that some unforeseen obstacle stands in the way of your return, or that your fears on your niece's account have been but too well founded, and that she is not able to travel?"

"Yes, Sir; so let it be. But I hope you will hear from me before the week is out."

"Oh, so do I! most earnestly, most anxiously!" said Rosamond. "You remember my message?"

"I have got it here, every word of it," said Uncle Joseph, touching his heart. He raised the hand which Rosamond held out to him to his lips. "I shall try to thank you better when I have come back," he said. "For all your kindness to me and to my niece, God bless you both, and keep you happy till we meet again." With these words, he hastened to the door, waved his hand gayly, with the old crumpled hat in it, and went out.

"Dear, simple, warm-hearted old man!" said Rosamond, as the door closed. "I wanted to tell him every thing, Lenny. Why did you stop me?"

"My love, it is that very simplicity which you admire, and which I admire too, that makes me cautious. At the first sound of his voice I felt as warmly toward him as you do; but the more I heard him talk, the more convinced I became that it would be rash to trust him, at first, for fear of his disclosing too abruptly to your mother that we know her secret. Our chance of winning her confidence and obtaining an interview with her depends, I can see, upon our own tact in dealing with her exaggerated suspicions and her nervous fears. That good old man, with the best and kindest intentions in the world, might ruin every thing. He will have done all that we can hope for, and all that we can wish, if he only succeeds in bringing her back to Truro."

"But if he fails—if any thing happens—if she is really ill?"

"Let us wait till the week is over, Rosamond. It will be time enough then to decide what we shall do next."

I'LL CALL AROUND AND PAY.

"WHAT is this?" said Mr. Redwood, as, with an indolent, half-indifferent air, he took a folded paper from the hand of a boy. The day was Saturday—the hour, about one.

"Oh! yes—I see!" he added, a moment afterward. "Very well. Say to Barker, I'll call around and pay him. Can't attend to it just now."

Mr. Redwood's fire-proof stood only six feet from the place where he was sitting—the door was wide open—the check-book in sight—and the balance in bank was just four thousand dollars. It would have taken only a slight effort, and consumed but two minutes' time, for him to have drawn a check for sixty-eight dollars and fourteen cents—the amount of Mr. Barker's bill. But he was in an indolent frame of mind, and it was so much easier to say "I'll call around and pay," than to rise from his quiet position, and go to all the trouble of writing a check and taking a receipt.

The boy looked disappointed, and lingered a moment.

"Did you understand me?" said the merchant, speaking rather sharply.

"Yes, Sir; but—"

"But what?"

"It is Saturday, Sir—and—and—"

"I didn't inquire of you as to the day of the week," was testily answered.

The boy looked half frightened, and went off instantly.

"Saturday, indeed!" muttered Mr. Redwood to himself. "A rare piece of information! A bright boy, really! What has Saturday to do with the payment of my shoemaker's bill?"

"Did you get the money from Mr. Redwood?" asked the shoemaker, as the boy came in. His face had an anxious look.

"No, Sir. He says he'll call round and pay."

"When?"

"He didn't mention any time," replied the boy.

"Did you tell him that it was Saturday, and I had my workmen and workwomen to pay off?"

"I tried to, Sir; but it seemed to make him angry; and as he is a good customer—"

"Too bad! too bad!" ejaculated the shoemaker, breaking in upon the boy's words. "Call round and pay! Why didn't he send the money? That would have been easier."

Rising from his bench, the shoemaker went to his little unpainted pine desk, on which was an old square cork ink-stand, and the stump of a quill, five inches long, which was dignified by the name of a pen, and took therefrom a package of bills. He went over them twice before selecting one, for there seemed but little promise for that day in any of them.

"Take this to Mr. Glenn," said he to his boy, "and tell him that he will particularly oblige me if he will let me have the money. Say that I would not trouble him again, but it is Saturday, and I have my workmen to pay."

The boy was gone nearly half an hour. Mr. Glenn's store was in a distant part of the town, though his family, for which Mr. Barker worked, lived in the neighborhood. A dozen times before he came back had the anxious mechanic paused in his work and fixed his eyes upon the door, hoping for his boy's return. At last he came in.

"Well, Andrew, what success?" He tried to speak cheerfully.

"Mr. Glenn says he will call round and pay."

The shoemaker's countenance fell. He let his eyes drop to the work in his lap, and bent his face downward, so that its expression might be partly concealed from the boy.

"Did you say that he would oblige me particularly by settling the bill, as it was Saturday, and I had my workmen to pay?"

"Yes, Sir; but he turned off, saying he didn't wish to hear any thing more from me."

Barker sighed, and for some moments sat very still upon his bench. Then rising slowly, he referred again to his package of unsettled bills.

"Suppose you try Mr. Wharton again."

The boy shook his head, remarking, with some familiarity of manner,

"Poor chance there! He's been going to call round and pay these three months."

"When did you see Mr. Winton?" asked the shoemaker.

"Last week."

"What did he say?"

"That he would call around."

"Call around! It's only a get off! I'm out of all patience!" And the perplexed shoemaker grew excited. "They're all eager enough to get their work, and sharp-spoken enough if it isn't ready to the minute. But when it comes to paying, the matter is of too little consequence to claim their attention. Ah! here's Mayberry's account!"—he had been running over the bills as he talked.—"Didn't he promise to settle to-day?"

"Yes, Sir, I think he did," replied the boy.

"Very well. Hurry round to his store, and catch him before he goes to dinner."

The lad started off with his usual alacrity, and Barker sat down again to work and wait.

"No money?" The shoemaker read disappointment in the boy's face.

"No, Sir."

"Why?"

"Mr. Mayberry said he had just deposited every thing for the day, and that he couldn't draw a check for so small an amount. Would pay on Monday."

A thin, pale, weary-looking woman opened the shop door at this moment, and came in. She carried a basket on her arm, from which she took a bundle of "uppers" that she had taken to close and bind.

"Here is the work, Mr. Barker," she said, in a dejected voice. "I hope you will find it all right. They would have been ready two days ago, but my husband is very sick, and I've had to be up with him all night for three nights."

The shoemaker did not see the quality of the work as he took the "uppers" from the woman's basket and made a show of examining them. He was only thinking of the woman's need and her expectations. She had performed her part, but not a single dollar had he in the house, and how was he to perform his part?

"How is your husband to-day?" he asked, kindly, showing more than usual interest, for he felt that he had little more than sympathy to give.

"Not so well," replied the woman. "I have run down for a few minutes, and left him alone, quite as much to get the money for my work as to bring it home. The doctor has ordered a little wine, and I must get it for him, if it takes all I have earned this week."

"How much does your work come to?"

"Two dollars," answered the woman.

The shoemaker went to his desk, and, opening it, took out his little cash-box, and made a pretense of disappointment as he turned it toward the woman. It did not contain a single copper. Then he drew forth an old pocket-book, and examined every compartment, but with no better success.

"You are a little too early, Mrs. Blythe," he said, smiling, yet regretfully, "a little too early. I haven't received my collections for the day. Shall I send you up the money?"

The woman sighed, and looked very much disappointed.

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. Blythe"—the shoemaker did not manifest the slightest impatience, for he understood the case perfectly—"but we find it very hard, sometimes, to get in our bills. I've had Andrew running around all the morning, and he hasn't collected a single dollar so far. It is strange how little rich men think of their obligations to us poor mechanics, who live, nearly all the while, from hand to mouth. If I could always get in my small bills, I would be very comfortable. As it is, I am always in trouble about money."

Mrs. Blythe stood very still, and answered not a word. It was hardly possible for her to leave her husband again, and, moreover, she had promised to bring him home the wine.

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Blythe," repeated the shoemaker; "but what is can't be helped."

"True, true. I learned that long ago," said the woman, with a half despairing sigh. "The lessons of poverty sink deeply enough into the memory."

"I will send you up the money in the course of an hour or two. Andrew is going out with some more bills. I will not trouble you to call down again, as your husband is so ill."

Still Mrs. Blythe lingered. How could she return to her sick, exhausted husband without the wine that was to send through all the courses of his blood a quickening spirit! She had felt as if this wine was to be to him the very elixir of life; and, since it had been mentioned by the doctor, she had seen that her husband's thought was resting upon it, to the exclusion of every thing else. To go home without it, therefore, was a serious thing, and might involve evil consequences; for his condition was one of extreme prostration, and the lightest cause might destroy the even balance of life just attained, and throw a preponderance upon the wrong side.

Slowly, at length, she moved toward the door.

"You will send up the money, Mr. Barker, right soon," she said, turning partly around, and looking back at the troubled shoemaker.

"The moment I receive it. Andrew is going out with some bills immediately."

The door opened, noiselessly; with noiseless steps a drooping figure went out, and noiselessly the door was shut again. The only sense that took record of the circumstance was that of sight.

Mr. Redwood, the merchant, who thought his shoemaker's bill of so little consequence that he would not take the trouble to write a check in order to cancel it, left his store some two hours after the visit of Andrew, and started home to his late dinner. On his way he passed a wine store, and dropped in to order a case of choice Amontillado, the flavor of which he had tried and approved.

"Send it home within an hour. I wish a bottle for my dinner," said Mr. Redwood, as he took out his pocket-book to pay for the wine.

"It shall be done," was the ready answer.

As the merchant replaced his pocket-book, and was buttoning his coat over his breast, a poorly-dressed, worn, and feeble-looking woman came into the store, and walked back, with an air of timid irresolution, to where the two men—the wine-dealer and his customer—were standing.

"Well, what's wanted?" said the wine-dealer, in a short, imperative voice.

"My husband is very low, and the doctor has ordered him some wine." The woman's sad, pleading tone made it very apparent to the dealer that she had come to beg, and not to buy.

"Has he, indeed!" The voice of the wine-dealer was half insulting.

"I failed to get money for my work, and I can not go home without the wine. Oh, Sir, if you will trust me for a bottle I will certainly come and pay you! The money is earned, and it is promised this afternoon!"

The wine-merchant laughed, sneeringly, as he made answer:

"It won't do, my good woman! The trick is too stale."

"But, Sir—"

The urgency of the case made Mrs. Blythe importunate.

"There—there! That will do! Go, now!" and the wine-merchant waved his hand toward the door, impatiently. Mrs. Blythe turned and went away, not speaking another word. The eyes of Mr. Redwood were on her pale, thin face, and he saw there an expression that haunted him, as we are sometimes haunted by a face in a picture, for many days afterward.

"A common dodge!" said the wine-merchant, in a vulgar way, as the woman passed into the street. "If I had given her the bottle of wine, she would have been as drunk as a beast in half an hour!"

Mr. Redwood, in whose memory that parting look of Mrs. Blythe had daguerreotyped itself, thought differently; but he gave no utterance to his thoughts.

"That woman's story was a true one," he said to himself as he passed on his way homeward. "I wish I had asked her residence;" and he looked carefully all around him, up and down the street, with a kind of vague hope of seeing her. But, already too long away from her exhausted husband, she had hurried back to him with almost flying feet.

"Oh, Mary," whispered a feeble voice as she leaned over the bed, "how long you have been away! I feel very faint—very faint! Have you got the wine?"

Only the bitter wine of sorrow, crushed out from an almost breaking heart, had she brought for her husband, and as a few drops fell upon his face, she whispered back, huskily,

"Mr. Barker could not pay me for my work. But he will send the money in an hour or two, and then I will get the wine."

A feeble sigh fluttered the breast of the sick man; his lids drooped wearily, until the lashes lay in two dark lines upon his bloodless cheeks; while a more death-like hue overspread his countenance.

"Edward! Edward! Oh, Edward! Husband!"

Slowly the eyes of the sick man opened, but closed again, heavily, without sending forth a beam of intelligence.

The poor woman's strength was all gone. Sinking into a chair, she leaned over upon the bed, and laid her face against that of her husband. Its coldness chilled her to the heart. Already the death-damps were breaking through the relaxing pores. A moment she tried to arouse herself to a new effort. But hope had died, and the leaden pall of despair was on her spirit.

"Mrs. Blythe!"

It was the voice of Andrew, the shoemaker's boy.

"Mrs. Blythe!" His hand was upon her arm, but she stirred not.

"Mrs. Blythe! I have brought you the money for your work. And Mr. Barker has sent a bottle of wine for Mr. Blythe."

The voice and words together penetrated the shut door of the woman's senses, and, partly arousing herself, she murmured, as a fuller consciousness returned,

"Too late! too late!"

A thrill of horror went through the boy's frame, as, bending over, his eyes rested upon the ashen face of a man wearing the ghastly image of death.

How little dreamed the well-to-do merchant of a scene like this, as he sipped his delicately flavored sherry, and remarked upon its quality! Of a scene like this, which an easy act of justice on his part, in the simple payment of a bill, might have prevented! Once, as he looked at the crystal wine, holding his glass to the light, the countenance of the poor woman he had seen at the wine-merchant's seemed to glare at him, as if reflected from a mirror. But the unpleasant vision faded in a moment. Between that despairing countenance and his failure to pay a trifling bill he recognized no possible relation of effect and cause. Yet was it even so!—the relation did exist.

Need we give any new shades to our picture—need we turn the kaleidoscope—need we add a word by way of application? What good? The lesson is complete enough, and all additional groupings or colorings would but weaken the moral we seek to enforce.

PRATTLE AND TATTLE.

MORNING CALLS.

My dear Editor,—I am truly thankful to feel the summer has at last begun to set in, though "with its usual severity." One great charm of this season is the gradual disappearance of all our dear friends, owing to the grand New York move out of the city into the country which existence imperatively demands we should make at this period of the year. Stupid receptions and unmeaning visiting *must* come to an end at last. You're not a woman, my good Sir, or I was going to ask you which is the worse, receiving calls or paying them? You can't have an idea of the process in either case; so I need not press you on the subject. There are a great many things in this world that I detest, but not the least odious among them is morning calls. What *do* we visit each other for, I wonder? Not a tithe of one's acquaintance does one really sympathize with. Perhaps ten women among them do I like sufficiently to sit down and enjoy a good chat with; I say *perhaps*, for probably, like Abraham's ten righteous men, they would be equally difficult to point out to you. Why *do* we disturb each other, then, by all this tedious visiting, and saying "How d'ye do?" and walking away again? I don't myself care for "intellectual" people, and I have a horror of learned people; but I do like people who have their two eyes open to see what's before them, and who have sense enough to gossip well. A thorough good gossip is my delight. It is a weakness, I own, and so few of the women I know have the courage to gossip well. What is the use of our friends, pray, if we may not say what we please of them?

As to reception-days, I used vainly to hope they would be a saving of time, bringing all one's visitors together at once, and allowing one the rest of the week to recover from the infliction; but I find they are a delusion and a snare. Half one's "friends" don't "happen to be visiting" on that day, and the other half tell one, confidentially, "I prefer coming, you know, when you're alone. I can never have a word with you, when you are so surrounded by others!" In plain English, this means, "I don't choose to dress for a reception, but I have no objection to *your* seeing my old hat and shabby shawl!"

At this very moment I am resting my exhausted frame, after a morning of visitors, wearied with the strain on my intellectual powers, I suppose; for a vast range of subjects comes under our tongues, I assure you, and we are rarely at a loss for topics of interest. In the first place, one's immediate relatives are generally on terms of sharp shooting with one, and a little feminine sparring gives piquancy to *their* visits. Then one's intimates can always be found fault with for something or other, either for flirting or extravagance, or for neglecting one. Those we know less of have to be drawn out, you know, upon a system of tactics practiced by us all, the chief rule of which is: if the lady is married, try the subject of children—talk about them and admire them; if she is a housekeeper, touch delicately upon servants—talk about *them* and abuse *them*; if she is neither, enter boldly upon the subject of dress, and you will not have to speak long before the sternest woman, if she *is* a woman, will soften and expand, and yield to the genial influences of a discussion upon costume. Honestly, I have never known this last to fail. Be a woman ever so silent, ever so stolid, or ever so stupid, the statue warms into life and eloquence at the mention of the word "dress."

Then, you know, it is another rule to admire what the caller wears when in her actual presence, but to revenge ourselves by describing it as ridiculous to the next mutual acquaintance we happen to see. This is done partly from civility, to put her in good humor with herself and us; partly from envy, because if she wears any thing *very* nice, we all want to have it; partly from hypocrisy, and because we don't know what else to say.

In comes Mrs. A——, simply to show her Paris silk.

"How are you all? What an age it is since any of you have been to see me! What have you all been about? Have you been quite well? How charming you look in that pretty morning dress! And how are the dear girls?" but her eyes are so earnestly fixed on my lace to see whether it is real or only imitation, that an answer is quite unnecessary. She remains just long enough to see what the whole family is dressed in, and to give us the proper time to appreciate her own toilet, when she retreats to visit some one else, to whom she will say, "I have just come from the ——. Queer people they are! Will you believe me? that what's-her-name there was dressed in the most odd way; receiving calls in a light wrapper, my dear—so light that it was scarcely decent!" etc., etc.

In walks Mrs. B——, dressed *à ravir*, unlike any body else, and sitting down with an air beautifully unconscious—as if she had no notion every eye in the room was fixed upon her, taking rapid inventory of the minutest details of her attire—she chats pleasantly and makes herself very agreeable. Mrs. B—— is an object of criticism in our circle. She is handsome, *that* we can't dispute; of itself it might be overlooked; but gentlemen call her fascinating, and *that* is not to be forgiven. It is part of our system, I said before, to inspect closely, and admire kindly, either by words or eyes, what the visitor wears; *en revanche*, we, in turn, expect *our* toilets to be regarded with awe and admiration when we answer these calls next week. While we are gazing and gossiping enter several other ladies—Mrs. C——, Mrs. D——, the Misses E——, etc. Presently Mrs. B—— rises, makes the usual *adieux*—"Pray come and see me soon!" and sails away, leaving an elegant reminiscence behind her; and the moment she has gone we begin to pull her to pieces.

Now Mrs. C—— can't bear Mrs. B——, you know; she lives next door to her, and says her conduct is scarcely proper. The best of it was, while we were all eagerly giving such excellent reasons for disliking her, in came the Smiths, who live opposite to the fair subject under the knife, and as they "don't speak" either, and hold her in silent horror, you may fancy the flow of criticism that succeeded!

What did they say? I can scarcely repeat it all. Had we been to the Joneses, any of us last week, and did we see how she "carried on" that night? It was really shameful. If she imagines people will tolerate such conduct, merely because she's a pretty woman, she's very much mistaken.

Oh! she *did* go to the Joneses' party, did she? I wonder at her boldness, after all that has been said about her goings on with Mr. J.! But there's no end to some people's brass! What did she wear?

She wore rose-color satin (I think), and lovely lace flounces, real Brussels, and a very pretty head-dress. (In short, she looked far too well for any of us to put up with it quietly.)

"Well, she doesn't interfere with *my* style," observes Miss E——, composedly. "I can afford to admire her! She is different altogether."

"Just like her extravagance! Why, I have it on very good authority that she has had sixty dresses—handsome dresses I mean—since last Fall! Where the money comes from to pay all that, if it *is* paid for, is more than I can see! Mr. B—— is not by any means rich, you know!"

Then every body remembers something "very strange," or not "exactly right," that poor Mrs. B—— has done since she left her innocent cradle; and the elder ladies give the younger the full benefit of their lively recollections as to what "used to be said about her," and the conversation becomes particularly animated among us all. So much for a poor woman appearing at a reception with a *recherché* toilet. It ought to be a lesson to us, don't you think? But, you see, a reception-day is a serious matter; so much to be said, so much to be looked at, so many persons and characters to be discussed, that when it's over I feel I have had a day of unusual exertion, and am tired accordingly. So good-by, my dear Sir. Yours always.

ON COMETS.

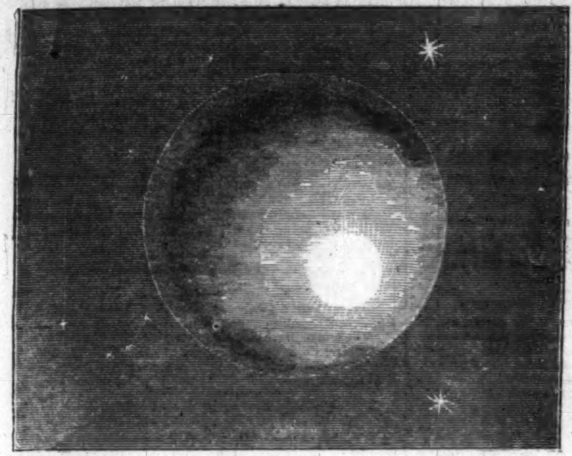
In a recent number of *Harper's Weekly*, our Man About Town placed upon record the particulars of a ramble about the town in company with the Comet. With his usual carelessness as to the weightier matters of science, our respected contributor neglected to make certain inquiries of The Comet as to his origin, habits of life, and general objects; answers to which would have had considerable general interest just now, as they would enable the public to satisfy itself beforehand as to the truth of the recent prophecy of Dr. Cumming of London, that this earth of ours is to be annihilated by the comet whose appearance with that object has been announced for the 13th of this present month of June.

In this emergency we are thrown back upon already ascertained facts, a few of which we propose to now lay before our readers.

Comets appear to us generally in one of two shapes—one, a globular mass, as shown in Figure 1, on our next page, which represents Encke's comet of 1828; and the other, the most general, a roundish mass with a train or tail attached.

In substance, astronomers suppose them to be vapor or nebulous matter, receiving light from the sun, about which they make their eccentric orbits. In the head of the comet is seen a bright spot, called its nucleus, and supposed by some astronomers to be a substance more solid than the remainder of the head and the tail. Although the advent of a comet in our heavens is considered by most people a remarkable event, and in times past occasioned great consternation, their number appears to be very considerable—over three and a half millions, Arago states. Many hundreds have been observed; and on an average they appear within our field of observation at the rate of about two per year. About two hundred of those observed have appeared with sufficient regularity to determine with some degree of accuracy their orbitual movements, and various of the phenomena of their existence.

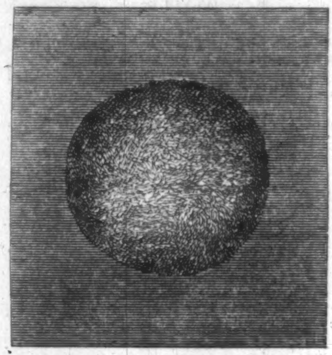
One of the most surprising points about comets is their prodigious dimensions. The head of the great comet of 1811 was a globular mass whose diameter measured thrice that of the sun, or nearly four million times that of the earth. Its tail was 130 millions of miles in length. The space it would take up in the heavens may be gathered from this, that had its head joined the sun, its tail would still have extended 30 million miles beyond the earth. Suppose the tail to have been solid, this comet would have possessed a bulk nearly six hundred million times that of the earth. Not less surprising than its volume is the speed with which the tail of a comet is sometimes shot out from the head. The great comet of 1843 had a tail 200 million miles in length. This tail was thrown out in less than twenty days, and if, as is supposed, it was composed entirely of matter issuing from the head,



I.—TELESCOPIC VIEW OF ENCKE'S COMET—1828.

portions of this matter must by some means have acquired a velocity of not less than 7000 miles per minute.

From various observations it is deduced that the density of cometary matter is immeasurably less than that of common air. A body of it many thousand miles in thickness has no sensible imperfection of transparency, the smallest stars—so small as to be barely discernible by the aid of a powerful telescope—being distinctly visible through it without the least diminution of brightness. The cometary vapor being visible only as it is illumined by the sun, it is supposed that when the comet arrives at a certain proximity to the sun, portions of this vapor attain so high a temperature from exposure to the sun's heat, that it becomes entirely transparent and invisible, just as steam at the moment of its escape from the boiler, and before its condensation, is transparent and invisible. This accounts for the circumstance that the size of the head of a comet is apparently diminished as it nears the sun.



II.—D'ARREST'S COMET, NOW VISIBLE.

In shape scarce any two comets are alike. Very often one of these bodies alters in appearance, to an extraordinary degree, in a marvelously short time. Thus Halley's comet appeared on October 3, 1835, in the most usual form of comets, a body or nucleus with long flowing tail. By October 9th it had assumed the shape shown in Figure 5, and on the fifth of November it had the singular shape shown in Figure 4.

Also, many comets have two or more tails, the number of these appendages being known to range as high as six. The comet of 1807, of whose varying shapes some examples are given in Figure 6, had two such tails, which at various times assumed quite different shapes.

The comet of 1774 had no less than six fully developed tails. Their edges were splendidly defined. Their middle was rather feebly lighted. The space between was as dark as the rest of the firmament. See Figure 7.

So much of the nature of comets. Their motions are very eccentric. Their speed is found to increase largely as they near the sun, and decrease as they depart upon their courses through space.

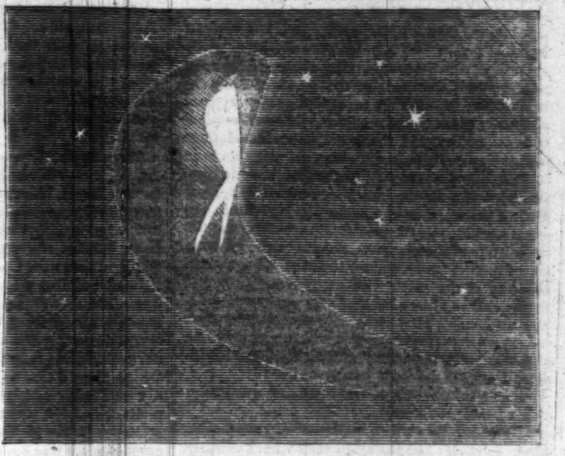
Planets near which they pass on their course seem to attract these nebular bodies, and thus often produce material alterations in the line of their orbits. They do not, however, produce any corresponding alteration in the motions of the planets, which fact goes to confirm the supposition that their matter is exceedingly light and vaporous.

Their periodic revolutions about the sun are accomplished in very various times—from five years, the period of Messier's comet, to hundreds and even thousands of years, the periods of others which have been observed, and whose orbits have been computed. It is, however, an established fact, that at each revolution of a comet about the sun, it approaches nearer that luminary. And from this some speculative astronomers have been led to suppose that finally the comet, succumbing to the attraction of the sun, falls into that body; and that comets were, in fact, intended by the Creator as fuel wherewith to feed the fires of that illuminator of darkness. This, however, is mere supposition. Hitherto no one has been fortunate enough to witness the annihilation of a comet.

Comets have been, in all ages, objects of apprehension to the ignorant and credulous. Scarce any possible accident, from the entire destruction of our globe to an epidemic among the cats of Westphalia, but these wanderers have been accused of being likely to cause, or of having already caused. To the action of comets are unhesitatingly ascribed extremes of heat or cold, whether general or local; wind and rain, earthquakes and hurricanes, volcanic eruptions, fogs, floods, droughts, every form of epidemic disease, whether affecting the human race or the animal creation; successful crops or failures; births and deaths of extraordinary men; the rise and fall of empires—in short, all the various notable occurrences for which ignorant humanity vainly seeks a cause.

III.—THE GREAT COMET OF CHARLES V., WHOSE REAPPEARANCE IS NOW EXPECTED.

That the proximity of a comet should in some way affect the temperature of our atmosphere is so far from unlikely, that the question has, from time to time, engaged the attention of men of science. Accurate and long-continued experiments have, however, satisfactorily proven that the weather is in nowise affected by a comet.



IV.—TELESCOPIC VIEW OF HALLEY'S COMET ON 5TH NOVEMBER, 1835.

Until recently, a belief prevailed quite extensively that comets, in some remote way, caused epidemics. So late ago as 1829, Mr. Forster, an English gentleman, published a book to prove that since the beginning of the Christian era the periods which have been most insalubrious have been invariably those at which some great comet was visible. To prove the absurdity of this, it is only necessary to refer to numerous comets, whose appearance—there being no plague to signalize—was supposed to foretell the birth or death of some great man, the fall of some kingdom, or the eruption of some volcano.

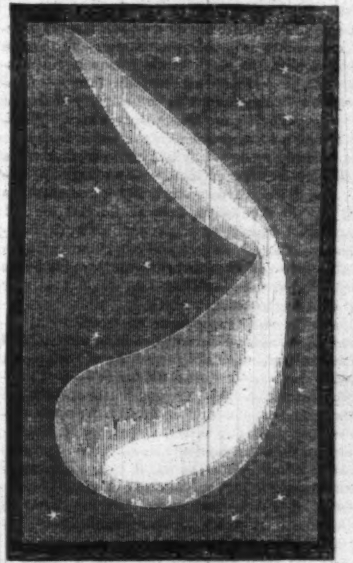
The year of the great plague in London (1665) was noted for a comet, which appeared in the month of April, and upon which, of course, the plague was blamed—no one, apparently, caring to settle the question why the malign influence of the comet should fall only upon London, not extending even to the neighboring towns and villages.

A comet appeared in the year 590, to which was attributed a fearful epidemic which prevailed in that year, in the paroxysms of which people were seized with uncontrollable fits of sneezing, generally resulting in death. When any one about this time sneezed, it became customary to say "God bless you!" from which, probably, proceeded a similar custom to this day prevalent upon the continent of Europe.

A comet which appeared in 1305 was also the harbinger of a plague.

On the other hand, the comet of 1668 was supposed to have produced the general and fatal epidemic among cats in Westphalia, previously alluded to. One, of 1746, was supposed to have caused the destruction of Lima and Callao by an earthquake. A comet which appeared in March, 1402, was stated by the astrologers of that day to presage the death of John Galeas Visconti, an Italian prince. This gentleman, being a devout believer in astrologers and comets, duly died—no doubt of fright—and thus, to the great delight of the astrologers, made their prediction come true.

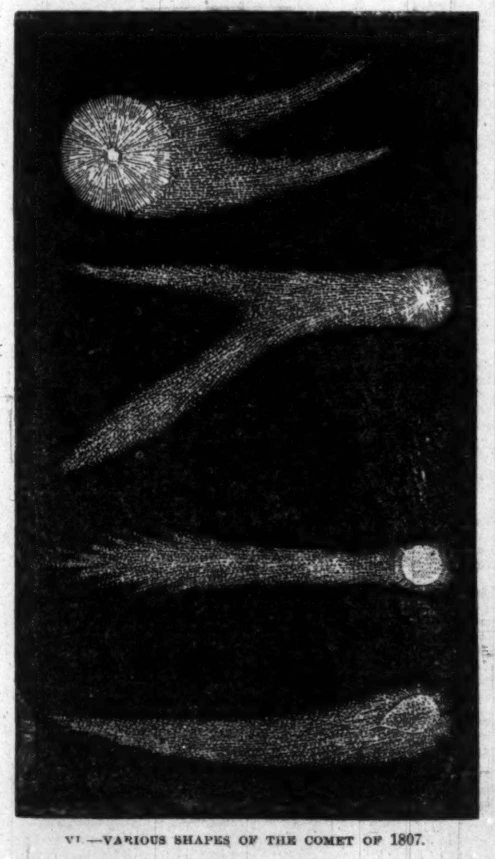
A brilliant comet, visible about 43 B.C., was thought by the Romans to be the soul of Julius Cæsar, then recently murdered. Comets were thought to have appeared at the births of Mithridates and Mohammed to presage their greatness. It has even been supposed that the star seen by the wise men who came to pay homage to the infant Saviour, was a comet—a circumstance by no means unlikely, nor inconsistent with Scripture truth.



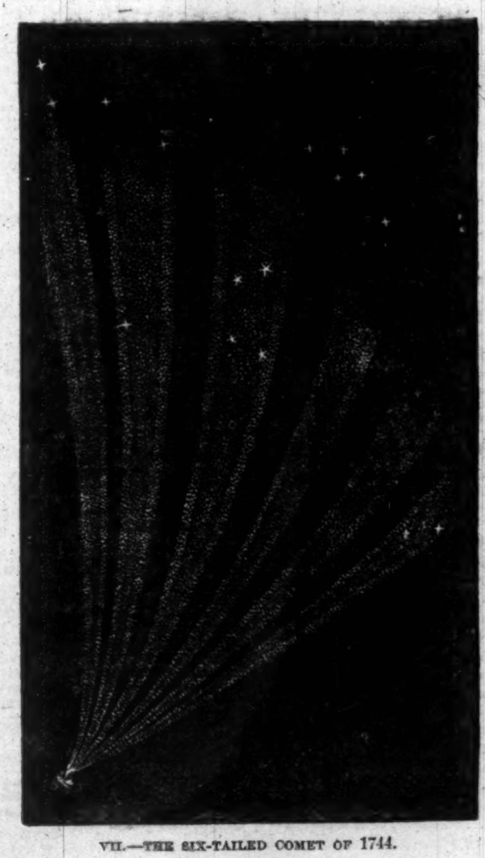
V.—HALLEY'S COMET ON 9TH OCTOBER, 1835.

The great comet of 1456 spread terror throughout Europe. Mohammed II. had just then taken Constantinople, and was advancing upon Vienna; and this "blazing star" was presumed to foretell his complete success. Pope Calixtus II., alarmed for his own safety and that of universal Christendom, by a bull under his Pontifical hand excommunicated and exorcised both Mohammed II. and the comet. But, alas, neither against the comet nor the conqueror did the bull avail aught. It was at this time that the Pope ordained that the bells of Catholic Churches should be rung at noon—possibly to scare the stellar invader—which custom of bell-ringing is still continued.

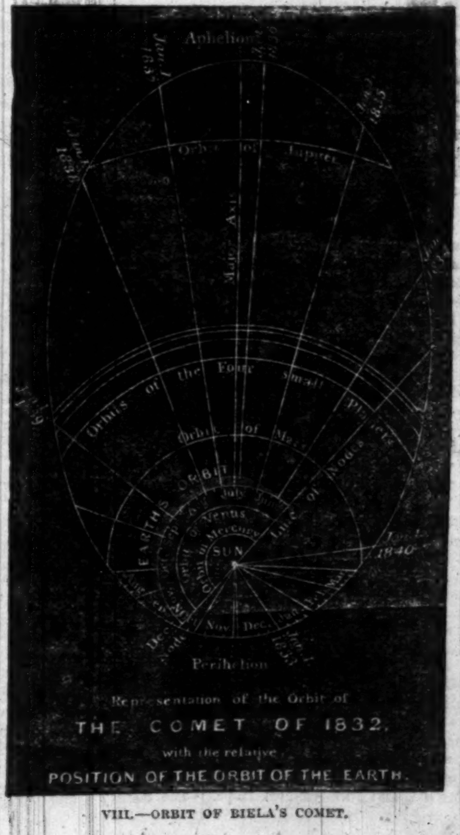
Of all the long supposititious chapter of accidents, that of a collision between the earth and a comet seems to be the least improbable. Astronomers do not pretend to deny the possibility of such an occurrence. Two conditions are, however, nec-



VI.—VARIOUS SHAPES OF THE COMET OF 1807.



VII.—THE SIX-TAILED COMET OF 1744.



VIII.—ORBIT OF BIELA'S COMET.

essary to be fulfilled in order to bring about a collision: 1*st*. The path of the comet must at some point intersect that of the earth. 2*d*. The two bodies must arrive at the point of intersection at the same time. The accompanying diagram (Figure 8), which shows the orbit of the comet of 1832, and its position in relation to our planetary system, will make plain to the reader the different motions of these bodies, and the great unlikelihood there is that any collision could ever take place between our earth and a comet. In fact, we have it upon the word of a distinguished astronomer that, "allowing the number of comets passing within the earth's orbit to be the greatest imaginable, and the magnitude of these comets, also, to be the greatest conceivable of such bodies, the chances against a collision of the earth with any individual comet would still be as two hundred and eighty-one millions to one." That is to say, the chances that the comet at present expected will run against our planet are as two hundred and eighty-one millions against one. One could hardly be safer.

What would be the consequences of a collision no one is able to foretell.

Delambre tells us that the comet of 1770 passed between Jupiter and his satellites without causing any sensible perturbation. Sir John Herschel says, in express terms, that "the tail of a large comet, as far as we can form any idea of it, is composed of a few pounds of matter, and perhaps only of a few ounces."

Some philosophers have supposed that the matter of a comet is a poisonous vapor, and that its collision with the earth would poison our atmosphere, and asphyxiate all breathing things. Others have speculated upon the probability of such a meeting producing another general deluge. Whiston endeavored to prove that the Biblical Deluge was actually produced by one of the earlier visits of the great comet of 1680. According to Whiston, too, the earth was originally a comet. We will add, in conclusion, that M. Babinet, one of the greatest authorities of the age in Physical Astronomy, has gone as far as to say "the earth, in coming into collision with a comet, would be no more affected in its stability than would a railway train coming in contact with a fly."

As to the comets which are now exciting attention in America and Europe, two have been noticed by astronomers since the beginning of the present year. The first—known as D'Arrest's—was a telescopic comet, concerning whose movements but little of interest has transpired. Of the other, discovered on the 18th of March last, by M. Bruhn, of Berlin, we give a representation. (See Figure 2.) It, also, is invisible to the naked eye. Telescopic observers state that no nucleus is visible in its centre, and that it is of nearly uniform brightness throughout. It seems to be a small and unimportant body.

It is the great comet of 1556, whose return is looked for during the present month (June), and whose advent has excited the fears of the ignorant and credulous in various parts of the world. Our representation of this comet (Figure 3) is taken from an ancient volume, wherein its mysterious powers are set forth at great length, and with considerable of the eloquence engendered of fear. Astronomers noticed that the comet of 1264 resembled exceedingly in its march that which had so alarmed Charles V. in 1556. They attributed to that comet a period of two hundred and ninety-two years, and predicted its return in 1848. But in 1848 no comet appeared. The world has patiently waited, thinking that the perturbating influences of other planets might retard its movements some years.

M. Bomme has calculated a delay of ten years from the effect of the planets Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, the Earth, Venus, and Mars. But there remains an uncertainty of two years, more or less, as to its next return, which otherwise would take place in 1858. Thus the comet ought to reappear between the present time and 1860; but nothing whatever authorizes any one to affirm that it is to come this year more than in 1858, or in 1859, or in 1860.

Meantime a Belgian almanac-maker took the matter in hand, and predicted that this comet would strike the earth on the 13th of June. From this gentleman's almanac-prediction have come all the rumors, the alarms, and excitements of the present year. A Paris correspondent writes: "For a fortnight we have not been able to step out without hearing the cry, 'Here is the end of the world! a full description of the comet of June 13, only one sou!'" Women have miscarried; crops have been neglected; wills have been made; comet-proof suits of clothing have been invented; a cometary life insurance company (premiums payable in advance) has been created; and our "Man about Town" has fancied himself walking the streets with a veritable blazing star—all because an almanac-maker of Liege thought proper to insert, under the week commencing June 13, "About—this—time—expect—a—Comet."

FOREIGN RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

Extent of Christian Missions.—The whole Church, Catholic as well as Protestant, is awakening to a sense of her duty to take advantage of the advance of the influence of Christian nations in unchristian lands, to enable her to spread abroad the kingdom of Christ among men. The general Church acts in divisions, under the form of Missionary Societies, and the aggregate results give cheering promise of success. As a specimen of this general movement, we give a condensed view of the operations of the Church Missionary Society of England, as exhibited at its late anniversary.

The income of the past year had amounted to £123,174 12*s*. 9*d*., being an excess over the income of last year of £7966. The Society had added to its list of Vice-presidents, since the last meeting, the Marquis of Blandford, the Earl of Radnor, Lord Wriothesley Russell, the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, the Bishop of Carlisle, and Vice-Admiral Hope. The Society had now 131 stations in various parts of the world, and the total number of clergymen engaged was 218. In addition to these there were under engagement with the Society 38 European laymen (schoolmasters, lay agents, printers, etc.); 12 European female teachers (exclusive of missionaries' wives); 1872 native and country born catechists and teachers of all classes; and 18,724 communicants.

Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society, England.—We believe this Society stands next to the Church Missionary Society in the extent of its resources, and in advance of it in the extent of its operations. At its late anniversary, in Exeter Hall, London, the capacious stage was filled with distinguished men from all parts of the world, and the vast building was crowded to its utmost capacity. The first to ascend the stage was the venerable Doctor Bunting, Senior Secretary of the Society, followed by the Chairman, the Treasurer, the Secretaries, and many principal friends of missions. On the stage were observed missionaries from many distant lands; and upon seeing them there one was reminded of the remark of the Emperor Nicholas of Russia when in England. He said: "I don't care to see your household troops; but show me the men who have won distant empire for you in the far East, and have held it." So that vast assembly wished to see rather the men who had planted the cross in distant and dangerous places; and they were gratified. There on the platform were, Rev. W. B. Boyce, from Australia; Rev. E. E. Jenkins, from India; Rev. William Shaw, from South Africa; Rev. J. Calvert, from the Feejee Islands, and others. These were some of the soldiers of the Cross who had planted the kingdom of Christ in the dark places of the earth. Then there were distinguished visitors from other Churches—among them, Rev. F. Monad, of France, and Dr. M'Crie, of Scotland, who had already preached one of the missionary sermons.

The **Honorable Arthur Fitzgerald Kinnaird**, M.P., took the chair, and for six hours, without intermission, that vast assembly attended upon the exercises of the Anniversary. Address followed address, with now and then a volunteer from some distinguished visitor. But the marked and crowning feature of the meeting was the reading of a brief of the Annual Report. It was read in a very masterly manner by the Rev. J. H. James, a son of a former missionary secretary. It showed the receipts of the Society for the current year to be about £119,000, which is nearly $600,000. In conclusion, the Report referred to a suggestion made in Yorkshire, and which had been accepted at the Mission-House in London, and was now offered to the Society in Exeter Hall. The suggestion was, that the Society raise £150,000 the next year. This would be nearly $750,000. As if by inspiration, the speakers and the assembly caught the suggestion; and, after careful consideration, the most cautious friends of missions declare it will be done. In proportion to the number and wealth of the Wesleyan Methodist connection, we believe they stand in advance of all other Churches in Christendom in their missionary operations.

The following general summary presents a view of the Society's labors and agency:

Central or principal Stations, called Circuits ...	458
Chapels and other Preaching Places	3,624
Ministers and Assistant Missionaries, including thirty Supernumeraries	633
Other paid Agents, as Catechists, Interpreters, Day-School Teachers, etc.	886
Unpaid Agents, as Sabbath-School Teachers, etc.	9,833
Full and accredited Church Members	114,428
On trial for Church Membership	4,337
Scholars, deducting for those who attend both Day and Sabbath Schools	92,619
Printing Establishments	8

Roman Catholic Missions in China.—We have already alluded to the well-organized and wide-spread missionary arrangements of the Roman Catholic Church in India. We find that their missionary interests in China are to be well digested and well officered. For this purpose Shanghai is selected as the centre of operations, and the chief Bishopric is to be established there, and a large plot of ground which the French possess there is to be strongly occupied and fortified. As we said some time ago, France protects the missions of the Roman Catholic Church in all parts of the world.

Evangelical Alliance.—The next meeting of this body, which represents the strivings of the Protestant churches for a closer union among themselves, is to be held in Berlin, Prussia, in September next, at the special invitation of the King. There is a general movement in England, and in all Protestant countries, looking to a good representation in Berlin.

Protestant Movement in Hungary.—A Vienna letter of the 28th ult. states that a deputation of the Protestants of Hungary had been received by the Emperor, to make known the wishes of the Reformed Church in Hungary:

> The Privy Councilor de Lonyai addressed the Emperor in the Magyar language, in the name of his co-religionists, and besought him to grant to the Church of Hungary the right of convoking a general synod, to deliberate on an organic statute for the Church and schools of that creed. The Emperor replied in the same language with his usual affability, and promised the deputation that their request should be taken into consideration and acceded to as much as possible. He assured them of his constant solicitude for the welfare of his Protestant subjects, and recommended them to have confidence in him.

In Bavaria the State and Church in Conflict.—A letter from Munich states that the indications of a misunderstanding between the Government and the high ecclesiastical authorities are increasing: "The Minister of Worship, it may be remembered, has ordered that the preaching of the Jesuits shall no longer take place without his permission; but the Pope's Nuncio has protested against the order, as contrary to Article twelve of the Concordat, and the Archbishop of Munich, in spite of it, has directed that a series of sermons shall be delivered in that city next month. It remains to be seen whether the police will interfere to prevent them from taking place. On the other hand, the Government has caused the Roman Catholic paper, the *People's Messenger*, to be seized several times; and has warned it that its line of conduct is contrary to the spirit of religion, and can not fail to produce distrust and discontent, and to undermine all civil and religious authority. The Archbishop, on the contrary, has addressed to the editors a communication, in which he speaks to them with the highest eulogium."

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Pretty Excuse for a Wife Beater.—The treasure which we value most we *hide*.

Commonplace, but How True!—Your Pessimist, who is always doubting, always sneering, is only the *Laquais* of society, who is perpetually giving the dirty habits of others a good brushing, and yet does not see the mud that is upon his own.

A SHAKSPEARIAN NOTE AND QUERY.

We put it to Mr. Payne Collyer, to be considered in his next edition of Shakspeare, whether the advice of Polonius to his son is not liable to emendation, suggested by female fashions of the present time. Shakspeare, there can be no doubt of it, in his prescience, knew that lovely woman in 1857 would hoop herself in her petticoats like a beer-barrel with iron surroundings. (We only hope that in the meteoric convulsions of the coming summer, no fair creature smitten by lightning will fall through her petticoats like so much cigar-ash; but we think the occurrence very probable.) However, there can be no doubt that the words of Polonius—

"The friend thou hast and his affections tried
Grapple him to thy soul with hooks of steel—"

ought to read—

"The maid thou hast and her affections tried,
Grapple her to thy soul with *hoops* of steel."

In these days, Vulcan makes half Venus; and a man does not only unite himself to the bone of his bone and the flesh of his flesh, but to the metal of his metal. It is not fair to the memory of the good and gracious Talfourd that every woman should insist upon being the heroine of her own *Ion*.

Dr. Roger Long, the celebrated astronomer, was walking one dark evening with a gentleman in Cambridge, when the latter came to a short post fixed in the pavement, but to which, in the earnestness of conversation, taking to be a boy standing in the path, he said hastily, "Get out of the way, boy!"

"That boy," said the doctor, very seriously, "is a post-boy, who never turns out of the way for any body."

"Pa, has dogs got wings?"

"Wings? No, child! Don't you know better than that?"

"Why, pa, a boy says in this paper that a big dog *flew* at him and bit him. So I guess dogs *is* got wings too."

Prejudice may be compared to a misty morning in October; a man goes forth to an eminence, and he sees at the summit of a neighboring hill a figure, apparently of gigantic stature, for such the imperfect medium through which he is viewed would make him appear; he goes forward a few steps, and the figure advances toward him; the size lessens as they approach; they draw still nearer, and the extraordinary appearance is gradually but sensibly diminished; at last they meet, and perhaps the person he had taken for a *monster* proves to be his brother.

"Do you know Mr. ——?" asked one friend of another, referring to an old gentleman who was famous for his fondness for beer. "Yes, Sir, I know him very well." "What kind of a man is he?" "Why, in the morning when he gets up he is a beer-barrel, and in the evening when he goes to bed he is a barrel of beer."

A colored woman in Baltimore, who was exhibiting several of her children the other day, among them one with a lighter skin, said that she "could not bear dat child, kase he was too light a color and showed dirt so easy."

An English nobleman once sent his stupid son to Rowland Hill, in order that he might be educated, accompanied with a note, in which his father said of his hopeful son, "I am confident that he has talents, but they are hidden in a napkin." The eccentric but shrewd divine kept the youth a few weeks under his care, and then sent him back to his father with the following laconic message: "I have shaken the napkin at all corners, and found nothing in it."

A pleasant and cheerful wife is a rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests; but a dissatisfied and fretful wife is like a thunder-cloud charged with electric fluid.

Mr. Smith sat reading the paper at home in the morning before leaving for his store, when the boy of a neighbor entered with the usual way:

"Mr. Smith, pappy wants to borrow your *Sun* a few minutes this morning."

"Tell your pappy," said Mr. Smith, "that I am using my *Sun*, but" (drawing a penny from his pocket and handing it to the boy) "here's a penny which I am not using just now, with which he can buy one. Tell him he needn't put himself out of the way to return it to-day. I will send for it when I want it, the same as I frequently have to do for my paper."

A gentleman complimented a lady on her improved appearance. "You are guilty of flattery," said the lady.

"Not so," replied the gentleman, "for I vow you are as *plump as a partridge!*"

"At first," rejoined the lady, "I thought you guilty of flattery only, but now I find you actually making *game* of me."

"Pompey," said a good-natured gentleman to his colored man, "I did not know till to-day that you had been whipped last week."

"Didn't you, massa?" replied Pompey; "why I knew it in the time of it."

"Would you like me to give you a sovereign?" asked a little boy of a gentleman he met in the street.

"To be sure I would," was the reply.

"Very well, then," said the boy, "do unto others as you would others should do unto you."

A Quaker, it is said, took a remarkably fine-looking horse to market for sale, and asked a high price for it. The animal attracted much notice, a bargain was soon struck, the money paid, and a receipt given. The buyer was examining his purchase with scrutinizing admiration, when the Quaker said,

"Well, friend, dost thou see any fault in him?"

"None whatever," was the answer.

"Neither will he ever *see any* in thee," said the Quaker.

"My German friend, how long have you been married?"

"Vell, dis is a ting that I seldom don't like to talk about, but ven I does, it seems so long as it never vas."

Jeremiah Mason said: "Unless a man occasionally tax his faculties to the utmost, they will soon begin to fail." President John Adams said to Mr. Quincey, whom he found reading Cicero, "It is with an old man as with an old horse; if you wish to get any work out of him, you must work him all the time." These two rules, so far as intellect is concerned, contain the secret of a green and vigorous old age.

An old maid suggests, that when men break their hearts, it is all the same as when a lobster breaks one of his claws—another sprouts immediately, and grows in its place.

Men and *women* are extinct—they died about sixty years ago, and left no heirs. *Ladies* and *gentlemen* have usurped their places.

Some man, from a considerable way down East, has invented what he calls the "Patent Never-failing Garden-Preserver, or Hen-Walker." The invention consists of a small instrument, something like a spur, only considerably longer, which is attached to the hind part of the hen's leg, pointing at an angle of forty-five degrees toward the ground. When the hen, with this instrument on her legs, enters the garden in the spring after the seeds, and puts her foot forward to scratch, the "walker" catches in the ground and forces her forward; and thus she is walked, in her efforts to scratch, entirely out of the garden. That will do!

"Did you say you considered Mr. Smith insane?" asked a lawyer of a witness in a criminal case.

"Yes, Sir, I did."

"Upon what grounds did you base that impression?"

"Why I lent him a silk umbrella, and five dollars in money, and he returned them both."

The man who was "torn by conflicting emotions" is now sewed up.

"Jake," said a farmer one day to his mower, "do you know how many horns there are in a dilemma?"

"Well, no, not 'zactly," replied Jake, "but I know how many there are in a quart of good Monongahela." Jake was a bit of a wag, and said himself that he knowed a thing or two.

The following, from one of the old British poets, is exquisite. It is the very essence of fancy. It was addressed to a lady upon whose bosom a flake of snow fell and melted:

"The envious snow comes down in haste,
To prove the breast less fair;
But grieves to see itself surpassed,
And melts into a tear."

"Pshaw!" says an exchange, "we can beat that any time. Look here:

"Down her white bosom rolled the tear—
We know it hadn't oughter—
Until at last—at last—oh, dear!
Her clothes were wet as water."

"An' will ye be afther telling me what kind o' baste ye call this?" said a newly arrived Irishman, holding up a wasp between his thumb and finger. "Och, murder, spake quick, for he's biting me!"

When a man says, "I'll do it at my leisure," you may take it for granted that he will not do it at all.

Be gentle to the new-laid egg,
For eggs are brilliant things;
They can not fly until they're hatched,
And have a pair of wings:
If once you break the tender shell,
The wrong you can't redress;
The "yolk" and white will all run out,
And make a dreadful "mess."

'Tis but a little while at best,
That hens have power to lay—
To-morrow eggs may addled be,
That were quite fresh to-day.
Oh! let the touch be very light,
That takes them from the keg;
There is no hand whose cunning skill
Can mend a broken egg!

Ay—touch it with a tender touch,
For till the egg is *biled*,
Who knows but that unwittingly,
It may be smashed and *spiled*.
The summer breeze that '*ginst* it blows,
Ought to be stilled and hushed:
For eggs, like youthful purity,
Are "orful" when they're squshed.

When woman succeeds, says the *Pennsylvanian*, according to the fanatical cant of the day, that is, when they succeed in unsexing themselves, we shall expect to darn stockings, make night-caps, cook the food, and rock the children, while some of the strong-minded make a speech at a political caucus, or engage in a row at elections. Advertisements will appear in this wise:

"**Wanted.**—An able-bodied man to do plain sewing in a small family. One who understands house-work generally preferred.

"**Wanted to Hire.**—The subscriber, living in the country, wishes to hire eight or ten young ladies to do out-of-door work for the ensuing year. None need apply who are not well acquainted with hedging and ditching, and who have had experience in planting corn, mowing, digging, laying wall, sharpening rails, and drawing logs. One or two will be required to be skilled in blacksmithing—particularly in horse-shoeing."

Lord Bacon tells of his father, Sir Nicholas, that when appointed a judge on the Northern Circuit, he was, by one of the malefactors, mightily importuned to save his life, which when nothing he said did avail, he at length desired his mercy on account of kindred.

"Prithee," said my Lord Judge, "how came that in?"

"Why, if it please you, my Lord, your name is Bacon and mine is Hog; and in all ages hog and bacon have been so near kindred that they are not to be separated."

"Ay, but," replied Lord Bacon, "you and I can not be kindred except you be hanged; for Hog is not Bacon until it be well hanged."

Smith, a waggish mechanic, was going home last Sunday, from a neighboring provision store, with a piece of salt pork, which he carried under his arm as neatly done up as if it had been a Russian bound copy of Watts on its way to a fashionable church. "What ye got there?—a prayer-book?" bawled an acquaintance. "No—not exactly," said Smith, "it's a little (p) *salter!*"

How does a pitcher of water differ from a man throwing his wife over a bridge? One is water in the pitcher, the other is pitch her in the water.

When sorrow left its traces, what became of the rest of the harness?

An Alabama paper publishes a piece of poetry, supposed to be very beautiful, the author being a live Governor of one of the States. We think it very likely; here is a specimen:

"And dreams did visit me—so bright,
An Elysium could only beget them;
They brought me such intense delight,
I never, never can forget them."

Nothing in the world is stronger than a man except his own passions.

A destitute woman called on a certain family for something to eat. A few dinner remnants were put in her basket, and having a small bag or pillow-slip in her hand, she was offered as much corn-meal as would fill it. "No, Ma'am!" was her offended reply, "I am poor enough, God knows, but I can't go corn meal; when I come to that I *mean to starve!*"

A good old Quaker lady, after listening to the extravagant yarns of a storekeeper as long as her patience would allow, said to him, "Friend, what a pity it is a sin to lie, when it seems so necessary in thy business."

A paper giving an account of Toulouse, France, says, "It is a large town, containing 60,000 inhabitants *built entirely of brick!*"

Fanny Fern objects to men shedding tears; she says it is an infringement on woman's most valuable "water privileges."

"Harry, did you ask Hicks for that money?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing; he just kicked me into the road. That's all he said."

A poor Irishman, who applied for a license to sell ardent spirits, being questioned as to his moral fitness for the trust, replied, "Ah! sure it is not much of a character that a man needs to sell rum!"

An Irish sailor once visited a city where, he said, "they copper-bottomed the tops of their houses with sheet-lead!"

"What is light?" asked a schoolmaster of the booby of a class. "A sovereign that isn't full weight is light," was the prompt reply.

Two weavers were conversing one day on authorship, when one of them observed that the man "Finis" was a great author; he had seen that writer's name attached to a great many books. "Ye must be a stupid blockhead," replied the other; "that man 'Finis' is the King's printer."

"I never was ruined but twice," said Voltaire; "once when I lost a lawsuit, and once when I gained one."

Clutterbuck's story of the old lady (his aunt) is excellent. Being very nervous, she told Sir W. Farquhar she thought Bath would do her good. "It's very odd," said Sir W.: "but that's the very thing that I was going to recommend to you. I will write the particulars of your case to a very clear man there, in whose hands you will be well taken care of." The lady furnished with the letter set off, and on arriving at Newbury, feeling, as usual, very nervous, she said to her confidant, "Long as Sir Walter has attended me, he has never explained to me what ails me. I have a great mind to open his letter and see what he has stated of my case to the Bath physician." In vain her friend represented to her the breach of confidence this would be. She opened the letter and read, "Dear Davis, keep the old lady three weeks, and send her back again."

Sheridan being asked what wine he liked best, replied, "The wine of other people."

"Now, waiter, what's to pay?" "What have you had, Sir?" "Three fish." "Only brought up two, Sir." "I had three—two trout, and one *smelt*."

"My lad," said a lady to a boy carrying newspapers, "are you the mail boy?" "You doesn't think I'ze a female boy, duz ye?"

ENIGMA.

Cut off my head, and singular I am;
Cut off my tail, and plural I appear;
Cut off both head and tail, and, strange to tell,
Although my middle's left, there's nothing there.

What is my head cut off? A sounding sea.
What is my tail? It is a roaring river,
Within whose eddying deeps I peaceful play,
A parent to soft sounds, though mute for ever.

Cut off my head—and odd I shall appear;
Cut off my tail—and Co., the plural's here;
Cut off both head and tail, and, strange to tell,
Although my middle's left, O—nothing's there.
What is my head cut off? A sounding C.
What is my tail cut off? The river D,
Within whose eddying deeps I float around,
A Cod—the parent of a noiseless *sound!*

"The early bird catches the worm."

"Served him right; he had no business to be up so early."

"No, no. It means if you would catch the worms, you must get up early."

"Well, if any body wants worms for breakfast, let him get up and catch 'em. I don't."

Talking of Sydney Smith's *cool* idea of "taking off his flesh and sitting in his bones," as being the highest imaginable degree of airy comfort nowadays.

"I can better that," said Covertop.

Covertop roomed with us, in the days when, "with his hat on, his house was thatched," and on rising in the morning, he always *roofed his house*, as the first step to his toilet, looking very like a gentleman in Georgia uniform, the while. Hence his sobriquet.

"Better what?"

"'Sit in his bones,' I can better that."

"Impossible! How?"

"Why," said Covertop, gravely, "I'd *knock the marrow out, and have a draft through.*"

VISITOR (*to convict*). "Well, my friend, what are you in for?"

PRISONER. "Me? why, I'm in for getting out if I can!"

The crowd of men expecting office under the new Administration is great. The verdancy of some is most laughable. They have an idea that all offices are to be vacant; that the "first come first serve" rule will be adopted; that men must be on hand to "pick and take," as they do a seat at a Western hotel at dinner time. One of these gentlemen on Monday last was seen in the great hall of the Treasury Department. He walked up to a good-looking gentleman who was seen approaching, and said:

"Can you inform me what good office will be first vacant?"

The gentleman replied, "I expect mine will be, Sir."

"What is it worth?" said the stranger.

"Three thousand a year," was the response.

"Good," said the applicant; "I'll take that; will you give me your name?" It was done. But the incumbent remains.

'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame,
More exquisite than when nectarian juice
Renews the life of joy in happier hours.
It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourned 'twill fall
Like choicest music.

Latour Mauburg lost his leg at the battle of Leipsic. After he had suffered amputation with the greatest courage he saw his servant crying, or pretending to cry, in the corner of the room. "None of your hypocritical tears, you idle dog!" said his master; "you know that you are glad, because now you will only have one boot to clean instead of two."

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday Evening, June* 1, 1857.

THE Foreign Trade of the port was again large last week, as the following table will show:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending May 30, 1857	$4,340,889	$1,102,735
Corresponding week, 1856	4,022,275	1,475,628
Increase	$318,614	
Decrease		$372,893

The feature of the week was the exportation of specie, of which over two millions and a half went abroad by the Wednesday and Saturday steamers. The exact export of the week was $2,714,001, against less than half that amount last year. Owing, however, to the accumulation of specie in the Bank vaults, and to the absence of speculation, the drain has not been felt, nor have the Banks felt it necessary to adopt any stringent measures for protection. Money is quite easy, at 7 and 8 on first class paper and on call, the demand falling short of the supply.

After a severe decline in stocks we have had a brief reaction, in which all the speculative stocks except Michigan Southern have shared. Erie, after falling to 32, has rallied to 39; Central has risen from 83 to 87; Cleveland and Toledo from 62 to 66, and so on throughout the list. Michigan Southern is much weaker than it was this time last week at two or three per cent. higher price. The only stocks really sought for in the market are first class mortgage bonds and State securities.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday Evening, June* 1, 1857.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets exhibited considerable vigor and buoyancy during the past week. Breadstuffs were generally less freely offered, while they were in good demand, mainly for home use, at improved prices. Ordinary to extra State Flour $6 75 @ $7 15; ordinary to fancy Western do. $6 75 @ $7 00; low to choice extra Western do. $6 95 @ $10 00; fancy to extra Genesee do. $7 40 @ $10 00; superfine to extra Canadian do. $6 75 @ $8 75; low mixed to choice extra Southern $7 50 @ $9 75; fine to superfine Rye Flour $4 25 @ $6 00; Corn Meal, $4 00 for Jersey, and $4 50 for Brandywine, per barrel. White Wheat $1 70 @ $1 92½; Red Wheat $1 45 @ $1 75; Mixed Corn, in store, $1 00 @ $1 01; Yellow Corn $1 02 @ $1 03; White Corn $1 01 @ $1 03; Northern Rye $1 25 @ $1 30; Western Oats 69 @ 71 c.; State Oats 65 @ 69 c.; Jersey Oats 64 @ 68 c.; and Barley $1 45 @ $1 65, per bushel. The death, on Sunday morning, of Theodore Banks, Esq., President of the Corn Exchange Association, occasioned a lull in business to-day. Cotton was moderately dealt in at irregular prices. Middling Uplands 14 @ 14¼ c.; do. Gulfs 14¾ @ 14⅞ c., per pound. Provisions continued in good demand at strengthening rates. We now quote: Mess Pork $23 85 @ $23 90; Prime Pork $19 30 @ $19 40; Country Mess Beef $14 00 @ $15 00, per barrel. Prime Mess Beef $28 @ $31 per tierce; Beef Hams $23 50 @ $24 00 per barrel; Bacon 11½ @ 13½ c. per pound; Lard, in barrels, 14½ @ 14¾ c.; New State Butter 18 @ 26 c.; Cheese 7 @ 11 c., per pound. Groceries were less sought after, and prices leaned in favor of buyers, though no actual change transpired, save in Molasses, which declined 2 @ 4 c. per gallon. Stocks, in first hands to-day, included 12,555 hogsheads and 10,519 barrels of Molasses, with 76,600 hogsheads, 12,000 bags, and 23,133 boxes of Sugar. Hay, Hemp, and Grass Seeds were dull and heavy, as before quoted. Hops were in poor supply and fair demand, closing at 7 @ 12 c. per pound. Tobacco was quiet, yet stiffly held. Domestic Whisky appeared inactive and unsettled, though owners were selling small lots at 36 @ 36½ c. per gallon. Wool was very lightly dealt in at old figures.

The Live Stock Market was much depressed, chiefly by the influence of city buyers, who worked resolutely for a reduction in prices. Beef Cattle were brought down nearly 1½ c. per pound. The week's receipts, according to returns from the principal markets, reached 3060 Beeves, 370 Milch Cows, 843 Veal Calves, 4329 Sheep and Lambs, and 3205 Swine, against 2743 Beeves, 375 Milch Cows, 1160 Veal Calves, 4257 Sheep and Lambs, and 4534 Swine the preceding week. New York, Illinois, and Ohio furnished the bulk of the Beeves offered. The range of prices at the Forty-fourth Street Market last Wednesday was from 9½ for the poorest to 14 c. for premium cattle, per pound—the general average having been 11½ c. per pound. An effort on the part of sellers to lessen the apparent supply by removing a large number of animals from the yard early Wednesday morning, was of no avail in sustaining prices. Large numbers of cattle were left unsold Wednesday evening. Milch Cows, with their calves at their sides, were in fair demand at uniform quotations. Veal Calves were less abundant, but they were sparingly inquired for, and prices showed no improvement. Sheep and Lambs were rather plentier and cheaper, yet they were in only moderate request. The bulk of the week's sales were effected at from $4 50 @ $8 25 per head. Swine were in demand, and were worth 6¼ @ 6½ c. for live, and 8¼ @ 8½ c. for dressed, per pound.

The Country Produce Market was comparatively freely supplied, throughout the week, with new vegetables, which, in consequence, were less valuable, and more generally inquired for, a reduction in prices inducing an extended consumption. Some new fruits, chiefly Strawberries, were also obtainable, but at high rates, and the demand for such was rather limited. Eggs, Butter, and Cheese, were plentier and cheaper. Other articles varied little.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel	$4 00	@	$8 00
" Dried, State, per pound	11	@	13
" " Southern, per pound	10	@	12
Strawberries, per quart box	45	@	55
Dried Peaches (peeled), per pound	16	@	20
" " (unpeeled), per pound	10	@	11
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	75	@	$1 50
Potatoes, old, per barrel	$2 50	@	$5 00
" new, per barrel	$4 00	@	$6 50
" Sweet, per barrel	$5 00	@	$6 00
Onions, old, per barrel	$3 00	@	$4 00
" new, per barrel	$4 50	@	$5 00
Beets, per barrel	$5 00	@	—
Turnips, per barrel	$1 25	@	—
" new, per 100 bunches	$5 00	@	$6 00
Garlic, per 100 bunches	$7 00	@	—
Tomatoes, per box	62½	@	75
Asparagus, per dozen	$1 00	@	$1 25
Maple Sugar, per pound	11	@	13
Spinach, per barrel	$1 00	@	$1 25
Lettuce, per hundred	$2 00	@	$3 00
Shallots, per 100 bunches	$3 00	@	$4 00
Rhubarb, per dozen	50	@	75
Green Peas, per barrel	$5 00	@	$7 00
White Beans, per bushel	$2 00	@	$2 25
Green Beans, per bushel	$4 00	@	—
Butter, Western, per pound	17	@	22
" State, per pound	18	@	26
Cheese, State, per pound	7	@	11
Lard, per pound	14½	@	14¾
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	15	@	16
Fowls, per pound	15	@	20
Ducks, Domestic, per pound	20	@	28
Turkeys, per pound	14	@	20
Geese, per pound	10	@	18
Pigeons, per dozen	$1 25	@	$2 75
Yellow Leg Snipe, per dozen	$2 25	@	$3 00
Beef, per pound	9½	@	13
Mutton, per pound	10	@	14
Lamb, per pound	12	@	20
Veal, per pound	9	@	12
Pork, per pound	8	@	9

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